

ROOSEVELT
AS THE POETS
SAW HIM



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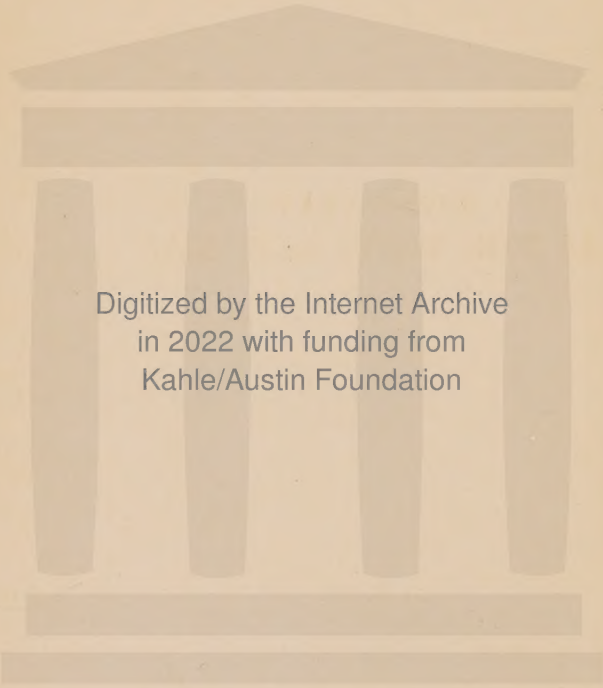
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ROOSEVELT
AS THE POETS SAW HIM

THE ARMY'S TRIBUTE TO COLONEL ROOSEVELT

EVERYWHERE on earth American flags to-day are flying at half-mast, for T. R. is dead. He, whose vitality, as great as America's own, could energize a continent, died tranquilly in his sleep last Monday morning. The returning soldiers will find many changes in their country, but none that will touch them all more nearly than this, for our generation has lost a great companion. It will seem strange when we go home—for a long time it will seem strange—no longer to hear his familiar voice there, no longer to see the light from his window shining across America.

Never did any American have quite such a hold as his on the imaginations of his countrymen, and there is no American anywhere in the world to-day who has heard unmoved the news of his death. Yet on the affections of the A. E. F. he had a special claim. His four sons were of us. One lies buried now in a field near the Ourcq, the wounds of another long since sent him home, and it was a new Colonel Roosevelt who, limping slightly, led the troops of the 26th Infantry into Germany. Of all the banners won in a long and ardent life, that was the proudest—that four-starred flag which hung outside the house at Oyster Bay. His four sons and his heart were with us and, as all men know, it was the great grief of his life that he could not be with us himself.

Stars and Stripes.

ROOSEVELT

AS THE POETS SAW HIM

TRIBUTES FROM THE SINGERS OF
AMERICA AND ENGLAND TO
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

EDITED BY
CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

ASSISTED BY CLARA THACKERAY HILLMAN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

NEW YORK
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1923

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TO
EDITH KERMIT ROOSEVELT

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He was found faithful over a few things and he was made ruler over many; he cut his own trail clean and straight and millions followed him toward the light.

He was frail; he made himself a tower of strength. He was timid; he made himself a lion of courage. He was a dreamer; he became one of the great doers of all time.

Men put their trust in him; women found a champion in him; kings stood in awe of him, but children made him their playmate.

He broke a nation's slumber with his cry, and it rose up. He touched the eyes of blind men with flame and gave them vision. Souls became swords through him; swords became servants of God.

He was loyal to his country, and he exacted loyalty; he loved many lands, but he loved his own land best.

He was terrible in battle, but tender to the weak; joyous and tireless, being free from self-pity; clean with a cleanness that cleansed the air like a gale.

His courtesy knew no wealth or class; his friendship, no creed or color or race. His courage stood every onslaught of savage beast and ruthless man, of loneliness, of victory, of defeat. His mind was eager, his heart was true, his body and spirit defiant of obstacles, ready to meet what might come.

He fought injustice and tyranny; bore sorrow gallantly; loved all nature, bleak places, and hardy companions, hazardous adventure and the zest of battle. Wherever he went he carried his own pack; and in the uttermost parts of the earth he kept his conscience for his guide.

Hermann Hagedorn

THE Editor thanks the poets for their generous co-operation in the preparation of this volume. Valuable assistance was rendered him by Mrs. Clara Thackeray Hillman, Marion Couthouy Smith, and Margaret Boyce Bonnell. Various publishers, too, have kindly given copyright releases, and the Roosevelt Memorial Association lent their scrap-books and many volumes from their library, not otherwise accessible. The work could not have gone forward without the valuable aid of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Mrs. Douglas Robinson, who were tireless in their help and encouragement.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem, "Great-Heart," is included in this volume by special permission from him. It is copyrighted both in England and America, and must not be reprinted. Edith Wharton's "With the Tide" first appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and is likewise reprinted by the author's permission, as is also Owen Wister's birthday poem. Robert Underwood Johnson's poem is from his "Poems," published in 1908 by the Century Company. Mr. Moore's "San Juan" is from "Lays of Chinatown, and Other Verses," published in 1899 by H. Ingalls Kimball. Bliss Carman's "The Rough Rider" is from

a volume bearing that title, published and copyrighted by Mitchell Kennerley, and this poem is reproduced by special permission. Marion Couthouy Smith's "Ballad of the Rough Riders" is from her volume, "The Electric Spirit," published by Richard Badger.

It is to be regretted that the authorship of several anonymous tributes could not be traced.

C. H. T.

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INTRODUCTION

SHORTLY after the death of my brother,

Theodore Roosevelt, many people began to collect poems written about him at the time. Amongst others, Mrs. Clara Thackeray Hillman took great pains to gather as many as she could find. She has kindly passed her collection on to Mr. Charles Hanson Towne and myself. We were able to make valuable additions to it, and we also decided not to limit the proposed volume to elegiac poems, as it seemed inappropriate that one who, we felt, would always be so living a personality, should be known in verse only by poems commemorative of his death.

Theodore Roosevelt had always been a romantic figure, and the poets had felt him to be so almost from the beginning of his varied career.

There was something from the first of the legendary about him; and when one thought of him, the figures of Roland and Siegfried and Olaf came swiftly to mind. Poets love the adventurous spirit, and

delight in the unforeseen and the dramatic, and no other public man of our day has ever—perhaps for these very reasons—appealed to them so much.

He, himself, was a great lover of poetry. As a young boy, in his school-days in Dresden, he would recite with ardor Körner's "Song of the Sword," or parts of the *Nibelungenlied*. The "Chanson de Roland" was often on his lips, as was Browning's "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came." I can still hear him chanting Longfellow's "Saga of King Olaf," or Swinburne's "Forsaken Garden," or later still Kipling's "Ballad of the Three Sealers." He loved the long swing of sonorous lines such as those in Browning's "Saul," or quaint old singing ballads like "Sir Patrick Spens," and many in Percy's *Reliques*, and he delighted in Edgar Allan Poe's weird, cryptic music.

As a freshman in Harvard College he frequently gathered his friends about him in his rooms in the evening, and, after sparring and wrestling for a while, the young men would have what he called a "coffee party." Thus refreshed, they would settle down to an hour or two with the poets. After one such occasion he wrote me with satisfaction of having initiated some of his

less literary classmates into the delights of Tennyson and Poe.

He loved the poets, and it was not strange that they, too, should have loved him.

Just as he laughed heartily at the cartoons of himself that from time to time appeared in the newspapers, so, too, he would be much amused at some rhymed skit accentuating some one of his unusual actions.

Pleased, also, he was at the ringing ballads inspired by his courageous efforts during the Spanish-American War, when his picturesque regiment of Rough Riders, led by their beloved Colonel, gained such a hold upon the imagination of the people of the United States that their name became synonymous with Romance itself.

His knowledge of the modern poets was extraordinary. How he found time to read and know their work, in so accurate a fashion, surprised even me.

Immersed as he was in the most active of public lives, with endless calls upon his time and attention, and making equally endless responses to these calls, he nevertheless missed no opportunity to make himself conversant with the new work of the singers; nor, indeed, did he ever fail to lend them material assistance when possible.

One afternoon, shortly before his serious

illness in February, 1918, he met, at my house, a number of verse-writers, and each and all, after a brief conversation with him, turned away astonished at his familiarity with their work and his power of quoting large portions of it.

As President of the United States, the poets were always welcome at the White House, or at Sagamore Hill. Yeats, Masefield, Noyes, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Edgar Lee Masters, Bliss Carman, Madison Cawein, Hermann Hagedorn, Charles Hanson Towne, and many others were ever warmly received.

I, myself, had the pleasure of introducing to him both John Masefield and Edgar Lee Masters. The former motored with me to Sagamore Hill for luncheon, and afterward he spoke with interest of the way in which Colonel Roosevelt not only knew his poems from cover to cover, but was familiar also with the quaint pieces of almost unknown history upon which many of his stories in verse were founded. My brother was deeply interested in Mr. Masters's striking "Spoon River Anthology," but earnestly exhorted him to show more of the beautiful side of life and more of the finer characteristics which he always maintained were to be found in human nature. After his first

meeting with Mr. Masters he was anxious to have more talk with this poet whose power he gladly acknowledged; and the result was that visit to Sagamore Hill, which enabled Mr. Masters to paint Theodore Roosevelt at his home in so vivid a manner.

As I have said, Mr. Towne and I did not feel that so vital a spirit could be portrayed only by the poetry, no matter how exalted, written in grief at my brother's passing; and so we have compiled this Anthology of verse which depicts not only the sorrow and indeed despair of a great nation at the loss of one of her most trusted leaders and beloved sons, but which includes also the more homely, the more humorous, the merrier sketches in which are shown the tenderness and gaiety that he likewise inspired.

We are convinced that in having presented in condensed form the story of Theodore Roosevelt as the poets saw him, we have given to the public a kaleidoscopic view of his public career. If one should read this collection, and *nothing more*, one could still get a comprehensive idea of the love of the people for this man of manifold and generous activities.

We laugh with one poet, we weep with

another; and with burning eyes and throbbing hearts we rise to the heights of Edith Wharton's "With the Tide," or Rudyard Kipling's "Great-Heart."

Surely there never was penned a truer word in this critical moment of the history of all nations than

"Oh, our world is none the safer
Now Great-Heart hath died!"

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON.

November, 1922.

THE EARLY YEARS

A BOY OF OLD MANHATTAN

A BOY of old Manhattan,
A boy as you and I,
Once watched its towers rising
Until they spanned the sky.

A boy of old Manhattan,
With granite in his soul,
Beheld the star of Lincoln
Above his steepled goal.

A boy of old Manhattan
Built upward hour by hour;
The edifice he visioned
Became a nation's tower!
Morris Abel Beer

ON A CANDIDATE ACCUSED OF YOUTH

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, 1886

"TOO young," do they call him? Who
say it? Not they
Who have felt his hard stroke in the civic
affray,
When elders, whom veteran fighters had
taught
Till they knew all the rules by which battles
are fought,
Fumbled weakly with weapons his foresight
had sought.

Who thinks of his youthfulness? Surely
not they
Who stood at his side through the wavering
day,
And knew the quick vision, the planning
exact
Of parry and thrust, till the stout helmet
cracked
'Neath the bold and true blow that is better
than tact.

Yea, the strength of the arm is the strength
of its use,
Not its years; and when fighting is on,
better choose
Not the rust-eaten sword from the library
wall,
But the new blade that leaps in its sheath
at the call,
Ask the foe by which weapon he fears more
to fall!

Robert Underwood Johnson

ON READING OF THEODORE ROOSE-
VELT'S WORK AS POLICE
COMMISSIONER

(1896)

MEN of his mould arouse the dawdling
days—
Rough, ready men whose mood is ever the
same;

Unheeding scorn; unmoved by love or fame,
Above the realms of common prayer or
praise

Who tread in silent solitude their ways;
Who take life as a duty, not a game,
Who seek for work amid earth's cheap ac-
claim,

While o'er them peaceful Death holds high
Life's bays.

It is a sight to see men of such breed;
Men of this old and simple-minded mien;
Who look first to the great world's foremost
need,

Who mask no honest thought behind Tact's
screen,

But speak out like a soul that newly wakes
To war for God till Wrong or Error quakes.

William Noble Roundy

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

THE ROUGH RIDER

WHERE lift the peaks of purple,
Where dip the dusty trails,
Where gleaming, teeming cities
Lie linked by shining rails,
By shadow-haunted camp-fire,
Beneath the great white dome,
In saddle and in council
Intrepid and at home,

Who is the hardy figure
Of virile fighting strain,
With valor and conviction
In heart, and hand, and brain?
Sprung from our old ideals
To serve our later needs,
He is the modern Roundhead,
The man who rides and reads.

No pomp of braid and feathers,
No flash of burnished gear,
He wears the plainsman's outfit,
Sufficient and severe.
With no imperial chevron
Upon his khaki sleeve,
He thinks by no made doctrine,
He speaks by no man's leave.

The breed and creed and schooling
Of Harvard and the plains,
Six hundred years of fighting

For freedom in his veins,
Let no one think to wheedle,
To buy, coerce, or cheat,
The man who loves the open,
The man who knows the street.

He rides not for vainglory,
He fights not for low gain,
But that the range of freedom
Unravaged shall remain.
As plain as Bible language
And open as the day,
He challenges injustice,
And bids corruption stay.

Take up, who will, the challenge;
Stand pat on graft and greed;
Grow sleek on others' labor,
Surfeit on others' need;
Let paid and bloodless tricksters
Devise a legal way
Our common right and justice
"To sell, deny, delay."

Not yesterday nor lightly
We came to know that breed;
Our quarrel with that cunning
Is old as Runnymede.
We saw enfranchised insult
Deploy in kingly line,
When broke our sullen fury
On Rupert of the Rhine.

At Newbury and Worcester,
Edgehill and Marston Moor,
We got the stubborn courage
To dare and to endure.
From Ireton and Cromwell
We learned the sword and rein;
Free speech by truth made fearless,
From Hampden, Pym, and Vane.

A thousand years in peril,
By privilege oppressed,
With loss beyond requital,
Unflinching in our quest,
We sought and bought our freedom
And bore it oversea;
To keep it still unblighted,
We rode with Grant and Lee.

Now, masking raid and rapine
In debonair disguise,
The foe we thought defeated
Deludes our careless eyes,
Intrenched in law and largess
And the vested wrong of things,
Cloaking a fouler treason
Than any faithless king's.

He takes our life for wages,
He holds our land for rent,
He sweats our little children
To swell his cent per cent;

With secret grip and levy
On every crumb we eat,
He drives our sons to thieving,
Our daughters to the street.

He lightly sells his honor,
He boldly shames our pride,
And makes our cause a scandal
For the nations to deride.
So crafty, yet so craven!
One whisper through the mart
Can send him to his coffers
With panic in his heart.

With no such feeble rancor
As envy moves to hate,
No ignorant detraction
Of goodly things and great,
But with the wrath unbridled
Of patriots betrayed,—
Of workers duped by brokers,
Of brothers unafraid,—

Against the grim defenses
Where might and murrain hide,
Unswerving to the issue
Loose-reined and rough we ride
Full tardily, to rescue
Our heritage from wrong,
And 'stablish it on manhood,
A thousand times more strong.

Comes now the fearless Message,
The leader, and the time
For every man to muster
For honor or for crime.
Who would not ride beside him
Into the toughest fight—
For freedom, the republic,
And everlasting right!

Bliss Carman

ROUGH RIDING AT EL CANEY

IT was on July the first,
In the year of '98,
When the shells began to burst,
And the air to palpitate
With blood and heat and Santiago stench,
That a four-eyed man in buff,
With a smile 'twas good to see,
Yelled, "You riders in the rough,
Will you climb that hill with me,
And drive those bloody Dagoes from their
trenches?"

Then all the rough riders said, "Yes, sir, we
will!
With the greatest of pleasure we'll charge
up that hill.
Wherever there's scrapping we're bound to
be there;
You lead, and we'll wallop those Spaniards
for fair!"

Then the shells began to rain,
And the Mauser's shot to kill.
But the men thought of the *Maine*,
And they went on up the hill,
A-singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner."
And they laughed, and shot, and swore
They would climb that hill behind him,
If they had to swim in gore
And go halves with hell to find him—
Our Teddy rode in such a handsome manner.

Just then—biff!—a bullet knocks over his
horse.
But Teddy jumped off him, right side up,
of course!
And he brandished his sword and went on
up that hill,
With a yell that the Spaniards are shaking
at still.

Oh, we swarmed along the crest
Of the hill of El Caney;
And our bravest and our best
Shed their blood that fearful day,
But they drove the flying Spaniards all
before them!
And they didn't care a cuss
For a bullet more or less,
And they didn't make a fuss
When they fell and died there, yes—
With the Star-Spangled Banner flying o'er
them!

John Paul Bocock

SAN JUAN

A HEALTH to you, Teddy,
A victor already—
The Spaniards before you don't know you,
old man—
The brain and the vigor
That glow in your figure,
The courage and brawn in your picturesque
clan,
'Twill be a wild meeting—
A Kilkenny greeting—
When you're introduced on the heights of
San Juan.

I picture you, Teddy,
You scarce can stand steady,
A roused lion balancing, ready to spring—
To men of the Don set,
To parry your onset,
Your rough bronco riders will not do a
thing—
Save to shoot and to sabre,
To club and belabor,
Like devils incarnate to sweep down their
wing.

For *we* know you, Teddy!—
When riled, slightly heady,
A stone wall or *chevaux de frise* would not
stay—
The spur of a trocha

Would be but a joke, a
Mere burr to a mustang to prick on to fray;
Wow! nothing could curb you,
Affright or perturb you—
“To hell with Spain’s misrule!” I fancy you
say.

Up-hill dashes Teddy,
The bullets of lead he
Despises as paper wads hurtled with force—
The shells that burst near him,
Nor touch him nor queer him,
The death of his charger delays not his
course—
(If that nag had his spirit,
Or anything near it,
The U. S. has lost there a mighty good horse).

In falling, jumps Teddy,
“Quick, follow me!” said he,
And waving his sword he runs on ahead
still—
Before him, behind him,
Each side him to blind him,
Were’t not for his glasses the dust of the hill
Arises as bullets,
From mole-hills and gullets,
Though others drop stricken, they do him
no ill.

The foe watches Teddy,
Expecting that dead he

Will tumble, but really that's not Teddy's
game—

 The Spaniards, in fighting,
 Fire once upon sighting,
And then flee to cover—retreat is no shame;
 If Teddy's polite, too,
 And all his men right, too,
Spain thinks they should battle exactly the
same.

 But, lo! they saw Teddy
 Advance as they fled; he
Kept on with his men till they reached the
hilltop.

 In face of all firing,
 They charged, still untiring,
No matter who's wounded, no Yankee would
stop.

 “The Devil is leading!”
 The Dons clamored, pleading,
“If we remain here he will have a new
crop.”

 All honor to Teddy,
 And those that he led! He
Fought manfully on till the conflict was
won—

 Till Spain ceased resistance,
 And in the far distance
Found safety and shield from the Rough
Rider's gun.

 It was a great skirmish,

And Weyler felt squirmish
To hear (safe at home) how his puppets
could run. *George Macdonald Moore*

BALLAD OF THE ROUGH RIDERS

WE heard the sound of galloping feet,
It struck to the nation's soul;
In the far Southwest we heard them beat;
Their echoes swept through the city street,
With a rhythmic thunder-roll.
Forward swing, forward swing,
Strong and light as an eagle's wing,
For the flag.

These are they who have heard the call
Of a voice their spirits knew;
They who follow, to fight or fall,
One who is bravest and best of all
To the young, the swift, the true.
Forward swing, forward swing,
Each has only a life to bring
To the flag.

These are the men whose hearts are rife
With the stress of the daring chase;
These are the flower of the nation's life,
Picked men all, for the desperate strife,
Sons of a mettled race.
Forward swing, forward swing,
Whose but these can such leaders bring
To the flag?

Hark! there is scarce a hoof-beat's sound
In the tropic thickets deep;
All unhorsed are the riders found;
Wearily over the burning ground
Their steadfast footsteps creep.
Still they swing, forward swing
Dauntless, grim, unfaltering,
With the flag.

Straight they march on the hidden foe,
Capron's troop in the van;
Under the maddening fire they go;
See—who falls? Must the best blood flow?
Ay—it is but a man!
Forward swing, forward swing;
Ah, what glorious lives we fling
To the flag!

On, till the thorny ground is won,
Snatched by the eager bands.
What of the fight when all is done?
The foe shall answer: "They tried, each one,
To seize us with their hands!"
Forward swing, forward swing,
New brave work shall the morrow bring
For the flag.

For lo! when the army sweeps along
To the bloody hilltop's crest,
Climbing and conquering, thousands strong,
There do the unhorsed riders throng,
Up, with the first and best.

Forward swing, forward swing,
Living, follow—and dying, cling
To the flag.

Sounding still, with an echo sweet,
Through the nation's inmost soul,
We hear the tramp of those toiling feet,
And the hoofs of the leader's horse, that beat
With a rhythmic thunder-roll.

Forward swing, forward swing,
Such are the hearts, the lives, we bring
For the flag!

Marion Couthouy Smith

THE YANKEE DUDE'LL DO

WHEN Cholly swung his golf-sticks on
the links,
Or knocked the tennis-ball across the net,
With his bangs done up in cunning little
kinks—
When he wore the tallest collar he could
get,
Oh, it was the fashion then
To impale him on the pen,
To regard him as a being made of putty
through and through;
But his racket's laid away,
He is roughing it to-day,
And heroically proving that the Yankee
dude'll do!

When Algy, as some knight of old arrayed,

Was the leading figure at the "fawncy ball,"

We loathed him for the silly part he played;

He was set down as a monkey—that was all!

Oh, we looked upon him then

As unfit to class with men,

As one whose heart was putty, and whose brains were made of glue.

But he's thrown his cane away,

And he grasps a gun to-day,

While the world beholds him, knowing that the Yankee dude'll do!

When Clarence cruised about upon his yacht,

Or drove out with his footman through the park,

His mama, it was generally thought,

Ought to have him in her keeping after dark!

Oh, we ridiculed him then,

We impaled him on the pen,

We thought he was effeminate—we dubbed him "Sissy," too;

But he nobly marched away—

He is eating pork to-day,

And heroically proving that the Yankee dude'll do!

How they hurled themselves against the
angry foe,

In the jungle and the trenches on the hill!
When the word to charge was given, every
dude was on the go—

He was there to die, to capture or to kill!
Oh, he struck his level when
Men were called upon again

To preserve the ancient glory of the old
Red, White and Blue!

He has thrown his spats away,

He is wearing spurs to-day,

And the world will please take notice that
the Yankee dude'll do!

S. E. Kiser

THE BALLAD OF "TEDDY'S TERRORS"

AS RELATED BY ROUND-UP RUBE OF RATTLESNAKE
GULCH

THERE was a lovely regiment whose
men was strong and stout,

Fer some, they had diplomas and fer some
was warrants out,

An' Wood, he was their colonel bold, an'
Teddy was his mate,

An' they called 'em "Teddy's Lambkins,"
fer their gentleness was great.

Now a good ole man named Shafter says to
Teddy and to Wood:

"There's a joint called Santiago where we
ain't well understood;

So, take yer lamblike regiment, an' if you
are polite
I think yer gentle little ways'll set the matter
right."

So, when Teddy's boys got movin' an' the
sun was on the fry,
An' the atmosphere was coixin' them to
lay right down and die,
Some gents from Santiago who wus mad
'cause they wus there,
Lay down behind some bushes to put bullets
through their hair.

Now, Teddy's happy Sunday-school wus
movin' on its way
A-seekin' in its peaceful style some Dagoes
fer to slay;
And the gents from Santiago, with aversion
in their heart,
Wus hidin' at the crossroads fer to blow
'em all apart.

There's a Spanish comic paper that has give
us sundry digs,
A-callin' of us cowards an' dishonest Yankee
pigs;
An' I guess these folks had read it, an'
had thought 'twould be immense
Jest to paralyze them lambkins they was
runnin' up agains'.

So when our boys had pretty near arrived
where they wus at,
An' the time it was propitious fer to start
that there combat,
They let 'er fly, a-thinkin' they would make
a dreadful tear,
An' then rubbernecked to see if any Yankee
wus still there.

Now you can well imagine wot a dreadful
start they had
To see 'em still a-standin' there and lookin'
bold and bad,
Fer when this gentle regiment had heard
the bullets fly,
They had a vi'lent hankerin' to make them
Spaniards die.

So Teddy, he came runnin' with his glasses
on his nose,
An' when the Spanish saw his teeth you
may well believe they froze;
An' Wood was there 'long with 'im, with
his cheese-knife in his hand,
While at their heels came yellin' all that
peaceful, gentle band.

They fought them bloody Spaniards at
their own familiar game,
An' the gents from Santiago didn't like it
quite the same—

Fer you plug yer next-door neighbor with
a rifle-ball or two,
And he don't feel so robustous as when
he's a-pluggin' you!

So when the shells wus hoppin', while the
breech-blocks clicked an' smoked,
An' the powder wouldn't blow away until
a feller choked,
That regiment of Yankee pigs wus gunnin'
through the bush,
An' raisin' merry hell with that there
Santiago push.

Then Teddy seen 'em runnin', an' he give
a monstrous bawl,
An' grabbed a red-hot rifle where a guy had
let it fall,
An' fixin' of his spectacles more firmly on
his face,
He started to assassinate them all around
the place.

So through the scrubby underbrush from
bay'n't plant to tree,
Where the thorns would rip a feller's pants,
a shockin' sight to see,
He led his boys a-dancin' on, a-shoutin'
left and right,
An' not missin' many Spanish knobs that
shoved 'emselves in sight.

An' when them Santiago gents was finished
to their cost,
Then Teddy's boys, they took a look and
found that they was lost,
An' as their cruel enemies was freed from
earthly pain,
They all sat down to wait fer friends to
lead 'em back again.

MORAL

That's the tale of Teddy's Terrors and the
valiant deed they done.
But all tales, they should have morals, so
o' course this tale has one.
So paste this idea in yer cage, wotever else
you do,
Fer perhaps you'll thank me fer it before
yer game is through:—
The soldier boy that wears the blue is
gentle-like and meek,
But I doubt he'll mind the Bible, if you
soak him on the cheek;
An' should you git him riled a bit, you want
to have a care,
Fer if he ever starts to fight he'll finish—
Gawd knows where!

Stephen French Whitman

TURN THEM LOOSE!

NOW turn loose Teddy Roosevelt,
Him and his chargers bold,
Each dressed in buckskin trousers,

All trimmed with braid and gold!
Let's hear the rhythmic rattle
Of clanking chain and spurs,
The while they speed across the plain
To swipe the Spanish curs!

Brave boys with lungs of leather,
And muscles strong and tough,
With flashing eye and daring mien
And style and manner rough;
They'll do fine execution
Against the Spanish mobs,
And then come home with loads of fame
And glory in great gobs!

Yes, turn loose Teddy Roosevelt,
Him and his riders rough,
And let us cheer them on the way,
For truly they're the stuff;
For truly they're the stuff, my boys,
With quirt and spur and gun.
So turn them loose and let us see
The blooming Spaniards run!
Anonymous

ROUGH RIDERS

FROM where the chaparrals uplift
O'er Texan sea of grass;
From Arizona canyoned rift,
And Colorado pass;

From Boston elm and classic shade,
And Gotham mask and ball,
We've gathered, by one motive swayed—
Rough Riders are we all!

We ken the ways of man and beast—
We've faced the prairie Death,
We've watched the buzzards at their feast,
We've felt the Norther's breath;
We know the realms of belles and beaux,
And Fashion's gay command;
Our view lies from Delmonico's
Clear to the Rio Grande.

But now, unchecked, the cattle whirl
In headlong, wild stampede;
And Beauty's banner may unfurl
In vain—we give no heed.
We've changed the ranch and city charms
For Cuban thatch and palm;
The jarring roll of hostile arms
Our pæan is, and psalm.

In strangely differing clime and place
Our names and paths appear,
For many a college knows our face,
And many a branded steer.
But lo! one blood you find us, when
There sounds Columbia's call.
We spring to answer it, like men—
Rough Riders are we all!

Edwin L. Sabin

THE ROUGH RIDERS

*B*BROADCLOTH, buckskin, coat of blue or
tan,
Strip it off for action, and beneath you'll find
a man.
The boy that bucked the centre and the lad
that roped the steer
Chum in fighting-fellowship—charging with
a cheer.

Their horses are picketed leagues away,
Their sabres are on the nail;
They have taken the rifle at break of
day,
They have taken the narrow trail.

The shimmering blade of the bayonet
Is red with the dawning sun;
'Twill burn with a ruddier crimson yet
Or ever the work is done.

"Now, why do the scavenger grave-crabs
go
A-cluttering down the dell?"
"Oh, ask of the vulture hovering low;
It may be that he can tell."

"Is yonder the gleam of a mountain stream
'Mid boscase, creeper and root?"
"Quick! drop ye down in the jungle brown
And cuddle your stock and shoot!"

The hunters stripped to the cartridge-belt
And stalked in the seething maze,
The Indian fighters crawled and knelt
And pulled at the rifle-blaze.

Kentucky fought with a grim delight
And Texas with his soul;
But the football rusher reared his height
And plunged for the deadly goal.

They yelled disdain of the driving rain
Of steel that drilled and tore.
If the wounded sobbed it was not from
pain,
But that they could fight no more.

Then volleying low at the hidden foe,
They rushed him—two to ten;
They were trained in the rule of an iron
school,
And they were their Colonel's men.

From thicket to thicket, and glade to glade,
And out to the jungle's marge,
They harried him back o'er a clotted track
And formed for the final charge.

Hark to the swell of the Rebel yell,
The bugle calm and clear,
The "uh-luh-luh-loo" of the tameless Sioux
And the roar of the Saxon cheer.

The Baresark awoke in the Teuton folk;
The Roman was born anew;
The pride of the blood of the Maccabee
Revived in the fighting Jew;

While, up on the right, like a storm at night,
Rilled with a living flame,
Their eyes ashine, in a steadfast line,
The Negro troopers came.

Sons of the Past!—her best and last—
At Freedom's bugle-call
The Races sweep to the conquered keep
The flag that shelters all.

In peace ye prate of the needs of state
And winnow your meagre souls,
Refining if this be truly great,
And quake at clouded goals.

When we trust our weal to the clashing steel,
The land calls forth her own.
Then it's ho! for the men of heart and brain
And blood and brawn and bone.

*Broadcloth, buckskin, garb of blue or tan,—
Rip it with a bullet and beneath you'll find a
man.*

*Ebon-featured regular, swarthy volunteer,
Chum in fighting-fellowship—charging with a
cheer.*

Arthur Guiterman

ON THE HILL

(JULY 1, 1898)

"My men were children of the dragon's blood."

The Rough Riders.

THERE on the summit was your "crowded hour";—

The wine of life poured out in one swift draft,

The joy of battle which you gaily quaffed,
The cheers of comrades and the thrill of power.

The dragon's blood there bloomed in crimson flower;

From west and east had come the vital seed

Garnered in glory for the Nation's need;
The "fighting edge" of heroes was their dower.

Now hand to hand you strive with sterner foes;

You lead where few before have tried to lead,

And rashly dare to check unbridled greed,
While doubters scoff and magnify their woes.

On your brave summit you have waged the fight;

Unwearied, you have battled for the Right.

Robert Bridges

IN POLITICS

TO VICE-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

(Read June 26, 1900, at the Twentieth Anniversary of
the Class of '80, Harvard College)

IF '80's scribe had to express
The sentiments he knows he felt,
This would he say, no more, no less:
Our one great Vice is Roosevelt.

He takes the path of splendid Vice
And leaves the gubernatorship.
No Plattitude his act; he feels
A Nation's strong dictatorship.

God's Nation called (not Godkin's) and
Our governor ungovernable
Rose once again to serve his land,
Else were he with us here at table.

And think of this! He owns a word,
By title far from tenuous,
And lexicons must soon record
A synonym for strenuous.

For when a man does any work
Right sturdily and steadily,
They'll coin a word from '80's mint
And say he does it Teddily.

With constant, warm fraternal faith
We praise his moral attitude.

We trust our comrade, for we know
His longitude and latitude.

Frederic Almy

ROOSEVELT IN WYOMING

(Told by a guide—1899)

DO you know Yancey's? Where the
winding trail

From Washburn Mountains strikes the
old stage road?

And wagons from Cooke City and the mail
Unhitch awhile and teamsters shift the
load?

A handy bunch of men are round the stove
At Yancey's—hunters back from Jackson's hole

And Ed Hough telling of a mighty drove
Of elk that he ran down at Teton Bowl.

And Yancey he says: "Mr. Woody there
Can tell a hunting yarn or two beside,
He guided Roosevelt when he shot a bear
And six bull elk with antlers spreading
wide."

But Woody is a guide who doesn't brag,
He puffed his pipe awhile, then gravely
said:

"I knew he'd put the Spaniards in a bag,
For Mister Roosevelt always picked a
head.

“That man won’t slosh around in politics
And waste his time a-killing little game;
He studies elk, and men, and knows their
tricks,
And when he picks a head he hits the
same.”

Now, down at Yancey’s every man’s a sport,
And free to back his knowledge up with
lead;
And each believes that Roosevelt is the sort
To run the State, because he “picks a
head.”

Robert Bridges

A SOLILOQUY

(1901)

This poem was sent to Mrs. Roosevelt some years ago by the late Richard Harding Davis, who said: “I think it deserves a place in *the* scrapbook. I like the last three words especially.” EDITOR.

AT first the infant
Doubling his fists and countering on
the nurse’s jaw,
Then the school-boy with his padded mitts,
Punching the bag and licking all his class.
And then the ranchman, sleeping on the turf,
Living on dried buffalo and knocking down
And sitting on the cowboy! Full of vim
And biting nails in two for fun. Then the
soldier
Scattering great armies with his awful look,

Dashing up hills through deadly showers of
lead

And smiling as it were the harmless sport
Of some enchanting summer's holiday.

Next the grim Governor, defying lobbyists,
Confounding bosses, writing histories

With one hand tied behind him, speaking to
The multitudes in spite of flying rocks
And whirling bricks! Shouting defiance at
the tough,

And brandishing his fists full in the bully's
face.

And then the hunter, strangling wild beasts,
Tying the mountain lion in a knot

And hurling it across the precipice.

Last scene of all, Vice-President,

Sitting with nodding head and limbs re-
laxed,

Hearing the oft-repeated tales

Of Isthmian canals and subsidies

And Sampson-Schley affairs—in mere ob-
livion,

Sans mitts, sans spurs, sans guns, sans—ay,
but wait.

Anonymous

TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Christmas Eve, 1902)

SON of a sire whose heart beat ever true
To God, to country and the fireside love
To which returning, like a homing dove,
From each high duty done, he gladly flew.

Complete, yet touched by genius through
and through,
The lofty qualities that made him great,
Loved in his home and priceless to the
state,
By heaven's grace are garnered up in you.

Be yours—we pray—the dauntless heart of
youth,
The eye to see the humor of the game—
The scorn of lies, the large Batavian mirth;
And—past the happy, fruitful years of
fame,
Of sport and work and battle for the truth,
A home not all unlike your home on earth.

John Hay

ROOSEVELT'S GUEST

THERE is a cry abroad that the President
of the Nation
Asked another strong man, Booker Wash-
ington, home to dine.
I'll swear there is not a seraph would have
flouted an invitation
To join the party, nor counted his whitest
of robes too fine.

Let only a better patriot gird at that guest
of honor,
Only the hands more helpful shrink from
his dusky hand,

To the fund of human service let only a
larger donor

Than Booker Washington scorn him,
guest of the Best of the Land.

Katharine Lee Bates

A PORTRAIT

ALERT as bird or early worm,
Yet gifted with those courtly ways
Which connoisseurs correctly term
The *tout-c'qu'il-y-a de Louis Seize*;
He reigns, by popular assent,
The People's peerless President!

Behold him! Squarely built and small;
With hands that would resemble Liszt's,
Did they not forcibly recall
The contour of Fitzsimmons' fists;
Beneath whose velvet gloves you feel
The politician's grip of steel.

Accomplished as a King should be
And autocratic as a Czar,
To him all classes bow the knee,
In spotless Washington afar;
And while his jealous rivals scoff,
He wears the smile-that-won't-come-off.

In him combined we critics find
The diplomatic skill of Choate,

Elijah Dowie's breadth of mind,
And Chauncey's fund of anecdote;
He joins the morals of Susannah
To Dr. Munyon's bedside manner.

The rugged virtues of his race
He softens with a Dewey's tact,
Combining Shafter's easy grace
With all Bourke Cockran's love of fact;
To Dooley's pow'rs of observation
He adds the charm of Carrie Nation.

In him we see a devotee
Of what is called the "simple life"
(To tell the naked Truth, and be
Contented with a single wife).
Luxurious living he abhors,
And takes his pleasures out-of-doors.

And, since his sole delight and pride
Are exercise and open air,
His spirit chafes at being tied
All day to an official chair;
The bell-boys (in the room beneath)
Can hear him gnash his serried teeth.

In summer-time he can't resist
A country gallop on his cob,
So, like a thorough altruist,
He lets another do his job;
In winter he will work all day,
But when the sun shines he makes Hay.

And thus, in spite of office ties,
He manages to take a lot
Of healthy outdoor exercise,
Where other Presidents have not;
As I can prove by drawing your
Attention to his *carte du jour*.

At 6 A. M. he shoots a bear,
At 8 he schools a restive horse,
From 10 to 4 he takes the air,—
(He doesn't take it all, of course);
And then at 5 o'clock, maybe,
Some colored man drops in to tea.

At intervals throughout the day
He sprints around the house, or if
His residence is Oyster Bay,
He races up and down the cliff;
While sea-gulls scream about his legs,
Or hasten home to hide their eggs.

A man of deeds, not words, is he,
Who never stooped to roll a log;
Agile as fond gazelle or flea,
Sagacious as an indoor dog;
In him we find a spacious mind,
"Uncribb'd, uncabin'd, unconfin'd."

In martial exploits he delights,
And has no fear of War's alarms;
The hero of a hundred fights,
Since first he was a child (in arms);

Like battle-horse, when bugles bray,
He champs his bit and tries to neigh.

And if the Army of the State
Is always in such perfect trim,
Well organized and up to date,
This grand result is due to him;
For while his country reaped the fruit,
'Twas he alone could reach the Root.

And spite of jeers that foes have hurled,
No problems can his soul perplex;
He lectures women of the world
Upon the duties of their sex,
And with unfailing courage thrusts
His spoke within the wheels of trusts.

No private ends has he to serve,
No dirty linen needs to wash;
A man of quite colossal nerve,
Who lives *sans peur et sans reproche*;
In modo suaviter maybe,
But then how *fortiter in re*!

A lion is his crest, you know,
Columbia stooping to caress it,
With *vi et armis* writ below,
Nemo impune me lacessit;
His motto, as you've read already,
Semper paratus—always Teddy!

Harry Graham

SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF THEODORE
ROOSEVELT

ART such as this has power to withstand
All tricks. The sovereignty that lies
complete

Within the man needs not the thronèd seat
Or sceptre to reveal his just command.
No symbol of the writer in his hand,
Nor trophies of the soldier at his feet,
Uncrowned the brow, where truth and
courage meet,
The Citizen alone confronts the land.

Keen, dominant, intense, combative, brave,
Above the insignia of official place,
The artist has but given what nature gave—
A Man—whose dreamful, valiant mind
conceives
High purpose, consecrated to his race,
That his strong hand grasps, fashions
and achieves.

Margaret Ridgely Partridge

THE BALLAD OF SAGAMORE HILL

'TIS morning, and King Theodore
Upon his throne sits he
As blithely as a King can sit
Within a free countree,
And now he thinks of submarines,
And now of peace and war.

His royal robe he handeth Loeb,
Then wireth to the Czar:

“Come off, come off, thou Great White Czar,
Come off thy horse so high!
Send envoys straight, and arbitrate
Thy diplomatic pie.”
Then straightway to the Mik-a-doo
This letter he doth limn,
“Come off thy perch, thou Morning Sun,
And do the same as him!”

Then straightway from the Rising Sun
Come envoys three times three,
Komura neat and Sato sweet,
(An Irish Japanee).
Small men are they with domey brains,
And in their fingers gaunt
A list of seven hundred things
They positively want.

Then straightway from St. Petersburg
Come envoys six times two,
De Witty grand and Rosen bland
And Nebotoffkatoo—
Volkynieoffskygrandovitch—
(Here see the author’s note,
“The balance of that noble’s name
Came on another boat.”)

’Twas on the royal yacht *Mayflower*
They met, that noble crew.
“De Witty grand, shake Sato’s hand—

Komura, how-dee-do!"
While forty thousand gun-salutes
Concuss on Oyster Bay,
A proud man is King Theodore
Upon that trysting day!

To Portsmouth town, to Portsmouth town,
The sweating envoys puff,
To speak of tin and Saghalien
And eke to bluff and bluff—
But Theodore at Oyster Bay
Doth while the times between
By taking trips and dives and dips
Within his submarine.

For many a day the Japanese
Uphold their fingers gaunt,
And mention seven hundred things
They positively want—
For many a day the Muscovites
Down-plant their Russian shoes,
And mention seven hundred things
They positively refuse.

Till haply from his submarine
King Theodore doth peep,
And stops a wireless telegram
That buzzeth o'er the deep:
"*O Theodore, O goodly King,*
The envoys call our bluff—
Despite the fuss the stubborn Russ
Disgorgeth not the stuff."

“Come hither, Mr. Serge de Witt!”
King Theodore doth say,
“Now tell me quick by the Big Stick
Why dost refuse to pay?”
“Come hither, Baron Kom-u-ra,
And sit upon my lap—
Why dost thou cuss and make a fuss,
Thou naughty, naughty Jap?”

To Portsmouth back, to Portsmouth back,
The envoys then do flee,
And each is sad and mild and meek
As an envoy ought to be,
And as they speak of Terms of Peace
Politeness doth ensue—
Like Prince Alphonse and Duke Gaston,
’Tis ever “After you!”

So soon the terms of Peace are signed
And put upon a shelf,
And Theodore doth straightway take
Great credit to himself.
The bugles call and roses fall
On good King Theodore,
As round the Stick the kodaks click
Full twelve times thirty-four.

And now when ancient grandsires sit
Within the evening gray,
And oysters frolic noisilee
All over Oyster Bay,

The graybeard tells his little niece
How Theodore did trek
To drag the gentle Bird of Peace
To Portsmouth—by the neck.

Wallace Irwin

IF ROOSEVELT HAD BEEN BAD

(He'd have been the baddest man that ever was, his
daughter says)

YOU never spoke a greater truth,
For baddest of the men were best,
Who in their boyhood and their youth
Had drifted to the strenuous West;
Big, whole-soul'd, generous Mother's Boys,
With tender hearts, and souls aglow,
With hopes, ambitions, and the joys
That make good fellows love them so.

Some broke their bonds and ran away,
Some slowly drifted with the tide,
Some saw the blood-and-thunder play
Where many a Bowery redskin died.
And some were college boys, and bred
In homes where Christian parents knelt;
And some were strenuous, cultured, read,
And brave, like Papa Roosevelt.

Many a noble Mother's Boy
Has carved a fortune and a name,
Whose coming back brought tears of joy
And happiness, as well as fame.

And others, just as pure, alas!
And just as honest, true and brave,
Have toyed too often with the glass,
And only filled a felon's grave.

Have pity, then, oh, Daughter fair,
Of Him who best can understand
The hearts of splendid men who dare
As dared the boys of his command.
Have pity and compassion, too,
On those unfortunates who fell,
Who wear the stripes instead of blue,
And yet, who love their country well.

For half the men behind the bars,
In Western pens across the plains,
Are fit to fight in freedom's wars
As men of courage, heart and brains.
And don't forget that many men
Too often fall as life begins,
And many a man in prison pen
Is suffering for another's sins.

Captain Jack Crawford

THANK GOD FOR A MAN!

(1904)

THANK God for a man! There was need
In this much-doubting day
Of one that could fashion a deed
As a sculptor the clay,
Undaunted by shadows of ill
That the dawn might reveal,

Strong-heartedly laboring still
For a noble ideal.

Direct in the candor of youth
That is clear as the sky,
He cleaves with the bright edge of Truth
Through the mask of the lie.
Endowed with the zeal that survives
And the courage to see
All things as they are, yet he strives
For the good that must be.

What matter the scurrilous sneer
And the buzz and the hum!
We know him: Wise, steadfast, sincere;
And the young men to come
Shall broaden the pathway he trod
And the work he began
Shall bring to fulfilment. Thank God
For His gift of a man!

Arthur Guiterman

LITTLE ORPHANT TEDDY

(With profound apologies to James Whitcomb Riley)

LITTLE Orphant Teddy's come to our
house to stay,
To clean things up as well as out, an' raise
the deuce, they say;
An' shoo the bosses off the stoop, an' dust
the White House floors,
An' kick the Magnates off their perch, and
lock 'em out-o'-doors.

An' all us other children, we've promised to
be good,
Er little Orphant Teddy he won't let us have
no food;
An' we jest set an' listen to the spooks he
tells about,
An' the Big Bull Moose 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Oncet they was a great big Trust 'at nuveer
would behave,
An' allers gobbled up the gold 'at other
peoples save,
An' when it grabbed most all there was, a
feller he come round
With great big teeth a-flarin', an' they made
a scrunchin' sound;
An' when the man 'at made the Trust come
lookin' fir his shares
They wasn't any Trust at all around there
anywheres—
An' all he found was jest a spot, 'longside a
water-spout,
An' the Big Bull Moose'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time another chap 'at useter fib a
lot

Come runnin' round a corner for to tell
some news he'd got,

An' 'fore he knowed where he was at there
come a grindin' noise

Like thirty-seven giunts eatin' ninety-'leven
boys,

An' down from summers in the air there
come a fearful flub,

An' that there feller he got hit with th'
Annie Nius Club!

It crushed him, an' it squshed him, an' it
slammed him all about,

An' the Big Bull Moose'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' little Orphant Teddy says he's goin' to
take the earth

An' give it a lambastin' jest for all thet he
is worth.

He's goin' to lam his Uncle Sam, an' soon
as he is through

He's goin' to tackle Yurup, an' the folks
in Asia too;

An' when he's cleaned 'em up he says he's
goin' to take the Sea

An' pour it down the black hole where the
Devil's said to be;

An' then he's goin' to Heaven, where he'll
tell 'em all about
The Bull Moose as'll get them
Ef they
Don't
Watch
Out!

John Kendrick Bangs

CALL HIM THE CHILD OF GOD

CALL him the child of God;
It is his rightful name,
Who laboring hard hath trod
The way of truest fame;
Not the red path of war and force and
might,
But the Peacemaker's path that leads to
light.

And since that name is his,
Wish him the joy thereof,
Of healing miseries
And taking burdens off,
Of wiping tears away and ending pain
And bidding Life lift up her face again.

Rejoice with him, O world!
But most ye twain rejoice,
Whose standards still unfurled,
Have heard the herald Voice

That bids the cannons' deathful roar to
cease

With prelude strains of the sweet song of
Peace.

William H. Draper

CLOSE TO A NATION'S BEATING
PULSE HE STANDS

CLOSE to a nation's beating pulse he
stands,

And feels the undercurrents surging
strong,

In balance quivering 'twixt right and
wrong,

He lives to meet what day and hour com-
mands,

To seek wide fellowship with other lands,

To win small praise, though workmanship
be long;

The "Firm Foundation" stronghold of
his song

Makes heart the servant of all high demands.

Man's energy makes destiny of man:

Where prairies sweep, where mountains
lap the snow,

There courage leaps, there righteousness
doth grow,

And there be found the leadership that can

Alike give service unto friend or foe—

A Master's conquest since all time began.

Liska Stillman

THE PRESIDENT

(1908)

HUNTER and soldier stalwart to the
core,

Statesman and warrior versed in the rare art
Which feels with mind and thinks with all
the heart;

Not his the craven biding safe ashore
When the loosed whirlwinds down the
heavens roar,

But his the outward sailing with a chart
Clear-drawn and open—free, in every part,
From hypocritic wile and quibbling lore.
What though he sometimes fail to round
his plan?

He who makes no mistakes does naught
beside;

Life is too short to wait for wind and tide;
God help this man, who does the best he
can,

In spite of those who strive to keep him
there

A sawdust puppet in a gilded chair!

Harry Kemp

“LIVE THOU IN NATURE”

(Inscribed to T. R., March 23, 1909)

LIVE thou in nature! Live
With the stars and with the winds;
Take all the wild world can give,
All thy free spirit finds;

Finds while the seasons pour
Their braveries at thy feet;
When the ice-rimmed rivers roar
Or summer waves their rote repeat.

Let thy hushed heart take its fill
Of the manifold voice of the trees,
When leafless winter crowns the hill
And shallow waters freeze.

Let budding Spring be thine,
And autumn brown and debonair,—
Days that darken and nights that shine,—
Let all the round years be thy fare.

Let not one full hour pass
Fruitless for thee, in all its varied length;
Take sweetness from the grass,—
Take from the storm its strength.

Take beauty from the dawn,
Patience from the sure seed's delay;
Take gentleness from the light withdrawn,
And every virtue from the wholesome day.

Richard Watson Gilder

WHO GOES THERE?

WHO goes there? An American!
Brain and spirit, brawn and heart.
'Twas for him that the nations spared
Each to the years its noblest part,

Till from the Dutch, the Gaul, and Celt,
Blossomed the soul of Roosevelt.

Student, trooper, and gentleman,
Level-lidded with times and kings,
His the voice for the comrade's cheer;
His the ear when the sabre rings.
Hero-shades of the old days melt
In the quick glance of Roosevelt.

Hand that's moulded to hilt of sword,
Heart that ever has laughed at fear,
Type and pattern of civic pride,
Wit and grace of the cavalier.
All that his fathers prayed and felt
Gleams in the glance of Roosevelt.

Who goes there? An American!
Man to the core as men should be.
Let him pass thro' the lines alone,
Type of the sons of Liberty.
Here, where his fathers' fathers dwelt,
Honor and faith for Roosevelt.

Grace Duffie Boylan

HE ENTERETH AMERICA BY THE
FRONT DOOR

(1910)

(From "The Teddysee")

MUSES, lend me an earthquake
To rattle the big blue dome,
Or a dynamite bomb,

Or a fierce tom-tom,
Or a bugle-call,
Or Niagara's fall—
Full justice to do
To the hullabaloo
Which roared New York and the Country
 through
 When Teddy came sailing nome.
Thunder and smoke, how the Patriots woke
 From Kalamazoo to Nome!
Your Uncle Sam fell off o' the porch
And the Statue of Liberty swallowed her
 torch
 When Teddy came sailing home.

There was color, there was noise,
There were Abernethy boys,
 There was many a chief and scout and
 lion-trainer;
Cuban Vets with battered hilts
And Cornelius Vanderbilts,
 And that Tammany-Insurgent, Mayor
 Gaynor.
Woolly war-cries filled the air,
Cowboys rode in Union Square,
 Fame stood on her heavenly perch and
 yelled like Melba;
Sons of Erin, Sons of Titus
And the Order of Saint Vitus
 Skinned their throats to raise the Battle-
 Cry of Elba.

Through the Ready-Money Town
They paraded up and down,
 Teddy bowing right and left like Julius
 Cæsar;
And the Nation, which had slumbered
As the empty months were numbered,
 Thrilled again to greet its Corporation
 Squeezer.

When the tumult and the spouting
Died away amidst the shouting,
 And the Captains and the Colonels had
 departed,
Sat a Grafter in his clover
Chuckling: "Gee! I'm glad it's over!"
 Echo answered: "Over, man! He's
 scarcely started!" *Wallace Irwin*

ST. ROOSEVELTIUS

AMERICA! America! she maketh loud
 complaint;
In all the holy calendars she has no patron
 saint!
St. George for merry England St. Denis
 fosters France,
St. Andrew is for Russia whatever may
 mischance;
St. Patrick is for Ireland, St. Jago is for
 Spain,
St. Boniface for Germany—while we forlorn
 remain.

Columbus sailed the stormy seas in fourteen-
ninety-two,

But, as a saint for this fair land, that Dago
will not do.

He's far, too far, removed from us—four
centuries away—

We want a saint that's up to date—one of
the present day.

We want a saint—we've one in mind—a
saint our very own;

We see him on the San Juan hill, a bucking
horse his throne;

We see him with his lance in play, against
the circling trusts;

We see him dive beneath the wave 'mid
ocean's fiercest gusts;

We see him always doing things—his ways
are strenuous—

Oh, who but Theodore can be this fitting
saint for us?

Oh, let Frank Bowers picture him, as in his
latest stunt,

The peace-compeller of the world, a saint
both smooth and blunt;

A gentle dove on his clinched fist, a halo
'round his pate—

Oh, give us St. Rooseveltius, in all things
up to date!

C. D.

HIS NAME

JUST a wee little scrap of a laddie, so fair,
But he carried his bonnie head high;
And he pulled off his pretty Scotch cap
with an air,

Whenever a lady passed by.

*"For you'll see that I must be polite," he
would say,*

*"When you hear that I'm Theodore Roosevelt
McVeigh!"*

Oft, the sleeve of his small, scarlet sweater
he'd roll

That the muscle beneath you might see.
With the doctor or dentist, the tears he'd
control,

And be brave as a soldier could be.

*"For I have to be manly and strong," he
would say,*

*"'Cause you know, I am Theodore Roosevelt
McVeigh!"*

Now, the President's sometimes called
Teddy, you know,

This, the little lad learned with surprise.
He really could hardly believe it was so;

"What! Teddy? a man of his size?"

*And he thought about it all the rest of the day,
This small, puzzled Theodore Roosevelt
McVeigh.*

But that night, when he went up with
mama, to bed,

A dear little sleepy-eyed chap,
He had settled it all in his mind, and he
said,

As he cuddled up close in her lap:
“*It is fine to be Theodore Roosevelt McVeigh,
But I feel more like Teddy, at this time of
day!*”

Pauline Frances Camp

READY FOR TEDDY

(1912)

HELLO, Teddy! All th' West is watchin'
you,

Hello, Teddy! An' it's wishin' for you, too.
We like your Western manner and we like
your Western style,

We've watched you since we knew you an'
we've liked you all the while,

You're a man that praise don't flatter an'
a man success don't sp'ile,

An' that's why we watch for you,
An' are wishin' for you, too.

Hurrah, Teddy! Or for better or for wuss,
Where'er y' be or what y' be, you're Teddy,
sir, to us!

You were Teddy when the bugle called t'
every creed an' clan,

You were Teddy with your soldier boys,
they're with you where you stan';
You are Teddy all th' time, sir, but, by Gad,
you are a MAN,

An' it ain't th' kind or breed—
It is MEN as what we need.

Bless you, Teddy! You're th' proper build
an' brand,
Bless you, Teddy! An' we like t' shake
your hand,
It's a hand that's built for shakin', in a
cordial, Western way,
An' like your heart it's just as true to-
morrow as t'day,
An' when you're in a scrimmage, sir, we
know that you will STAY,

An' we're goin' t' stay by you,
An' we're goin' t' see you through!

Good-by, Teddy, an' remember what we
say,
Set up th' flag an' lead and we will follow
where y' may,
Th' Western style is common, but th'
Western heart is true,
Th' metal may look rough, but it is gold,
sir, through an' through,

An' our hands an' hearts, howe'er they be,
we offer 'em t' you,
For we like you, yes, we do,
An' the West is out for you!

Anonymous

THE CATARACT OF T. R.

(Written during the presidential campaign of 1912)

"**H**OW do the speeches
Come forth from T. R.?"
My little boy ask'd me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he task'd me
To tell him in rhyme.
I looked at the stanzas
That Southey had done
And thought me of Kansas
And said: "This is fun."
And so, not to jockey too long for a start,
I answered as follows, responded in part:
"From carriage and car
Goes speaking T. R.,
Through prairie and vale,
O'er mountain and dale,
On the sea, and on land,
On the shore and the beach,
Prepared or unplanned,
Thus issues his speech:
Swelling, compelling,
Foretelling, rebelling,
(And writing it out in his simplified spelling)
Bolting, revolting,

And crookedness jolting,
Urging and scourging,
Insurgings and splurging,
Lashing and dashing,
Crashing and smashing,
Slashing and thrashing,
And cuspid a-flashing,
Knocking and shocking,
Rumblings and tumbling,
Rushing and crushing,
Rebutting and cutting,
Wording, engirding,
And hitting and gritting
With zeal unremitting,
And rattling and battling,
Banging and whanging,
Haranguing and clanging,
Staging and raging
As fierce as a taurus,
And all of the rest
Of the rhyming thesaurus.
Brave and bromidic,
Bold and bizarre—
That's how the speeches
Come forth from T. R."

Franklin P. Adams

AN ODE TO T. R.

THOU who, with sword or pen,
Layest about thee when
Needful, and crooked men,

Cordially hatest;
Great in thy former sway;
Greater in Afrikay;
And as thou art to-day
Possibly greatest.

We have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, we know, are told,
To thy discredit;
How, when the panic came,
Thou didst invoke the same,
Thou wert alone to blame—
Wall Street has said it.

Some say thy work is crude,
Saturate, o'erimbued,
Crowded with platitude
Ancient, druidic;
"Two and Two Equals Four,
Seven than Six Is More,"
So saith our Theodore,
Bravely bromidic.

Confound such knavish knocks
Born in the street of stocks!
Even though paradox
Subtle and artful
Be not in Teddy's style,
Far from us to revile
Utterances worth while,
Honest and heartfelt!

Crooks may have had their bluff
Called by the Colonel's stuff,
Yet "he is good enough
For us." O heady,
Bright and particular
Beacon and guiding star,
W.-k.* T. R.

Here's to thee, Teddy!

Franklin P. Adams

* Well-known.

LO! HE WOULD LIFT THE BURDEN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

LO! he would lift the burden from the
weak,
Kindle with hope the dull eye of despair,
And for the common weal all things would
dare,
Scourging the money-changers, smiling,
sleek,
Forth from the temple till on him they seek
Impotent vengeance. Slanders must he
bear—
Foul imprecations that infect the air;
Lies, till the heavy breath of heaven doth
reek
With stench of calumny; the assassin's blow,
The mockery of the proud; the stinging
thorn
Of fickle friendship, flattery turned to
scorn;
Yet while the coming years their gifts bestow

Crowning great names with glory, his
shall shine

In the front rank of our illustrious line.

William Dudley Foulke

VISION

THEODORE ROOSEVELT—1912

FRRIEND of the People, purposeful and
strong.

You, who would right their wrong.

You, of the ardent eyes

That woo the glory of the further skies!

For the glad answer of a new sunrise

Must you then wait so long?

Oh! Man of Vision! though the rest be
blind,

You, who do love Mankind,

You, who believe

That our fair Country shall indeed retrieve

The promise of the ages. You shall find

Your heart's reprieve.

With your own motto

"Spend and so be spent,"

Your high intent

Makes of yourself a willing instrument.

With heart and soul afire

You do aspire

But to be broken, should the cause require,

An arrow shattered ere the bow be bent!

What though the sordid sneer!
They may not hear
The cry of those
Who suffer the fierce throes
Of pain and hunger after deadly toil.
Your brothers of the soil
Follow your beacon light
Away from their dark night.

And in the end,
Though you be spent,
You, who were glad to spend,
You would not be
A baffled Moses with the eyes to see
The far fruition of the Promised Land,
Who would not understand
How to lead captive dread Captivity,
Who would not even crave
A lost and lonely grave
By Jordan's wave?

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

WHEN TEDDY HITS THE WEST

Sent to T. R. while he was in the Yellowstone by the writer, who lived in Pittsburg, Kansas. Mr. Histed is an old hunter and trapper who, as early as 1858, mined for gold in the Rocky and Sierra-Nevada mountains. EDITOR.

HE can have my old revolver
And my scalping-knife to boot;
He can have my "lost" cinnamon
And grizzly bear to shoot.

He can take my tent and terbacker,
And jacks and prospect tool;
He may climb the highest mountain
In the Rockies on my mule.
He can have my "Injun sweetheart,"
My "lease" at Cromwell Point;
He may fry his Injun flapjacks
In my skillet at the "joint."
He can have my Injun blanket,
The varmints and my all;
He can take my tattoo-needles,
My hounds and bugle-call;
He can fish the Injun trout-brook
And cast for ripe "old red."
He can dance the Injun war-dance,
And scrape the river-bed
For nuggets that we missed—some
More precious than we hed,
He can have my old worn rocker
To wash the yellow dust,
And yell the wild old "war-whoop"
Until his lungs would bust.
He can have my buckskin leggin's
And my tattered government coat,
That old gray cayuse pony
And my Presidential vote.
He'll ne'er be sorry he met us,
And his trip will do him good;
He'll see we all are friendly
And his speeches understood.
Fond recollections will remind him
That we done our level best

To entertain a comrade—

“When Teddy Hits the West.”

Thaddeus C. Histed

THE REVEALER

ROOSEVELT—1912

He turned aside to see the carcase of the lion. . . .
And the men of the city said unto him, “What is
sweeter than honey? And what is stronger than a
lion?”

THE palms of Mammon have ordained
The gift of our complacency;
The bells of ages have intoned
Again their rhythmic irony;
And from the shadow, suddenly,
’Mid echoes of decrepit age,
The seer of our necessity
Confronts a Lyrian heritage.
Equipped with unobscured intent,
He smiles, with lions at the gate,
Acknowledging the compliment
Like one familiar with his fate;
The lions, having time to wait,
Perceive a small cloud in the skies
Whereon they look, disconsolate,
With scared, reactionary eyes.

A shadow falls upon the land;
They sniff, and they are like to roar,
For they will never understand
What they have never seen before.

They march, in order, to the door,
Nor caring if the gods restore
The lost composite of the Greek.
The shadow fades, the light arrives,
And ills that were concealed are seen;
The combs of long-defended hives
Now drip dishonored and unclean.
No Nazarite or Nazarene
Compels our questioning to prove
The difference that is between
Dead lions—or the sweet thereof.

But not for lions, live or dead,
Except as we are all as one,
Is he the world's accredited
Revealer of what we have done.
What you and I and Anderson
Are still to do is his reward;
If we go back when he is gone—
There is an Angel with a Sword.
He cannot close again the doors
That now are shattered for our sake;
He cannot answer for the floors
We crowd on, nor for walls that shake;
He cannot wholly undertake
The cure of our immunity;
He cannot hold the stars, nor make
A seven years a century.

So time will give us what we earn
Who flaunt the handful for the whole,
And leave us all that we may learn

Who read the surface for the soul.
And we'll be steering to the goal,
For we have said so to our sons;
When we who ride can pay the toll
Time humors the far-seeing ones.
Down to our noses' very end
We see, and are invincible,
Too vigilant to comprehend
The scope of what we cannot sell;
But while we seem to know, as well
As we know dollars, or our skins,
The Titan may not always tell
Just where the boundary begins.

Edwin Arlington Robinson

TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(1912)

I HEAR a mighty people asking now
Who next shall be their captain and
their chief.

Amidst them towers a Man as Teneriffe
Towers from the ocean, and that Man art
Thou—

Thou of the shaggy and the craggy brow.
The day of fate comes on; the time is brief;
Round the great ship is many a lurking reef;
And wouldst thou drive once more that
giant prow?

Perhaps thou shalt and must! But if the
choice

Fall on another voyager, thou shalt still

Be what thou art, thy nation's living voice,
Wherewith she speaks in thunder. Nay,
 thou art more;
Thou art her fiery pulse, her conquering will;
Thou art America, dauntless Theodore.

William Watson

IN PUBLIC LIFE

THE PROGRESSIVE

THE world is waiting, in a crucial pause,
Breathless, with nature; and a silent
song

Falls in mute beauty from the starry
throng;

For Heaven with Earth unites in vast
applause,

While wide America forsakes each cause
Of petty import—broad-winged, giant-
strong,

And joins its million hands o'er acres long
To choose a chief who shall wield well its
laws.

Choose him, the nations and the planets
sing,

Who shall to Labor, weary-worn, yield
mirth;

Who shall to those afflicted Justice bring;

Who shall admit to woman greater worth;

Who shall educe the best from everything.

He shall lead progress to the spinning earth!

Julia Cooley

THE MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

(An acrostic)

THE chance-flung favorite of no lucky
hour,—

Here is the man who strode, not rose, to
power!

Eyes riveted on duty, not reward,
Offering his country heart and brain and
sword;

Danger he scorn'd and ease he put away,
On toward fame's summit plodding night
and day;

Ranchman, rough-rider, patriot, magis-
trate,—

Exalting Law, and reverencing the State,—
Rich in that rare inheritance of worth
Old as the heavens and honest as the earth;
Oak-hearted, fearless, pure as Galahad,—
Sycophants hate him, spoilsmen think him
mad.

Except our land beget such sons as he
Vain are our boastings of prosperity;
Empty of self-conceit, big-soul'd, robust,—
Love warms his will, yet nerves it to be just,—
This is a ruler whom the ruled can trust!

Frederic Lawrence Knowles

THE BALLAD OF GRIZZLY GULCH

THE rocks are rough, the trail is tough,
The forest lies before,
As madly, madly to the hunt
Rides good King Theodore
With woodsmen, plainsmen, journalists
And kodaks thirty-four.

The bobcats howl, the panthers growl,
"He sure is after us!"

As by his side lopes Bill, the Guide,
A wicked-looking cuss—
“Chee-chee!” the little birds exclaim,
“Ain’t Teddy stren-oo-uss!”

Though dour the climb with slip and slime,
King Ted he doesn’t care,
Till, cracking peanuts on a rock,
Behold, a Grizzly-Bear!
King Theodore he shows his teeth,
But he never turns a hair.

“Come hither, Court Photographer,”
The genial monarch saith,
“Be quick to snap your picture-trap
As I do yon bear to death.”
“Dee-lighted!” cries the smiling Bear,
As he waits and holds his breath.

Then speaks the Court Biographer,
And a handy guy is he,
“First let me wind my biograph,
That the deed recorded be.”
“A square deal!” saith the patient Bear,
With ready repartee.

And now doth mighty Theodore
For slaughter raise his gun;
A flash, a bang, an ursine roar—
The dready deed is done!
And now the kodaks thirty-four
In chorus click as one.

The big brown bruin stricken falls
And in his juices lies;
His blood is spent, yet deep content
Beams from his limpid eyes.
“Congratulations, dear old pal!”
He murmurs as he dies.

From Cripple Creek and Soda Springs,
Gun Gulch and Gunnison,
A-foot, a-sock, the people flock
To see that deed of gun;
And parents bring huge families
To show what *they* have done.

On the damp corse stands Theodore
And takes a hand of each,
As loud and long the happy throng
Cries “Speech!” again and “Speech!”
Which pleaseth well King Theodore,
Whose practice is to preach.

“Good friends,” he says, “lead outdoor
lives
And Fame you yet may see—
Just look at Lincoln, Washington,
And great Napoleon B.;
And after that take off your hats
And you may look at me!”

But as he speaks a Messenger
Cries, “Sire, a telegraft!”
The king up takes the wireless screed,

Which he opens fore and aft,
And reads, "The Venezuelan stew
Is boiling over.
TAFT."

Then straight the good King Theodore
In anger drops his gun
And turns his flashing spectacles
Toward high-domed Washington.
"O tush!" he saith beneath his breath,
"A man can't have no fun!"

Then comes a disappointed wail
From every rock and tree.
"Good-by, good-by!" the grizzlies cry
And ring their handkerchee.
And a sad bobcat exclaims, "O drat!
He never shot at me!"

So backward, backward from the hunt
The monarch lopes once more.
The Constitution rides behind
And the Big Stick rides before
(Which was a rule of precedent
In the reign of Theodore).

Wallace Irwin

THE ESCORT OF THE YELLOWSTONE

"Cinnabar, Mont., April 23—The President's vacation here (Yellowstone Park) is at an end. . . . He rode a big grey horse named Bonaparte, belonging to Troop B, Third Cavalry, during the whole of his tour, and spent most of his time studying the habits of the animals. . . . On April 11 the President and party

got in among a band of nearly two thousand elk, and one band followed the party for over a mile." *Times-Despatch*.

ABOVE him the wild skies bending,
Beneath him the wastes of snow—
Through the hush of the forest wending,
And over the black plateau
He rode, with his strong heart glowing,
In a clime of old, held dear,
And the winds of the west were blowing
With the music he loves to hear.

Beside him, with clanking sabre,
The brown-cheeked trooper rode,
Yet, he passed as friend and neighbor,
Where the things of the wild abode—
Where the things that people the places
Of mountain and hill and fen
Were waiting, with kindly faces,
To welcome the chief of men:

And so that they, too, might render
Their tribute of love to him,
Forth, then, in their strength and splendor
From the forests dark and dim,
From the wastes and the gushing fountains
Like a leaping wave of flame,
The antlered kings of the mountains
In royal escort came.

Down through the wild wastes riding,
They followed him over the snow,

By the peaks in the cloud-mists hiding,
And down to the broad plateau;
And never, in song or story,
In tourney, or feast, or fray,
Rode king or khan in his glory
As this man rode that day.

John S. M'Groarty

THE UNAFRAID

Fishing in Colorado, the author of these verses observed only trout being caught. Asking his cowboy guide why that was so, he was told: "Only the game-fish swim up-stream." That is the theme of the poem which was written at once. Colonel Roosevelt prized the poem highly and wrote to the author with enthusiasm about it. Mr. Moore headed the Tennessee delegation that nominated Roosevelt for the Presidency in 1916, an honor declined. EDITOR.

ONLY the lion kings the land
Who is whelped in the desert's fire;
Only the stallion lords the band
With the hoof unmurk'd with mire,
The peak for the eagle to preen and to
dream—
Only the game-fish swims up-stream.

Only the ocean carries a sail
That foams to the blizzard's breath;
The silent seas that creep and quail
Are asleep with the curse of death,
The sky for the rocket to glow and to
gleam—
Only the game-fish swims up-stream.

Only the stars are suns which burn
By the heat of their own heart's light:
The million worlds which round them turn
Float dead in nebulous night.
The meteor's burst is its funeral beam—
Only the game-fish swims up-stream.

Only the man is made for fame—
Ocean and eagle and sun—
Whose soul, by fate, is dipt in flame
And winged with the winners who run.
Fame for the Faithful—death for the dead—
The peak and the star for the Unafraid!
John Trotwood Moore

GUESS WHO?

(1916)

SOMETIMES fantastical,
Often bombastical,
Always dynamic and never scholastical,
Slightly uproarious,
Bracing as Boreas,
Living each day with a zest that is glorious,
Bane of the highbrows and folk hypercritical,
Subject of many a plutocrat's curse,
Buried in state by his foemen political
Only to climb up and pilot the hearse!

There is an air to him,
There's such a flare to him,

There's such a rare, debonair do-and-dare
to him!

Bulldog tenacity,
Mixed with vivacity,

Tempered with humor and sense and
sagacity;

What if his speeches are crowded with
platitudes,

Somchow he's built on the popular plan,
Actions and manner and sayings and atti-
tudes,

All of them prove him a Regular Man!

Quite undistressable,

Most irrepressible,

Open and frank—yet a problem unguessable,

Terse, though didactical,

Learned, but practical,

Strong for preparedness, moral and tactical,

Vivid and vital and vervy and vigorous,

Simply and humanly “playing the game,”

Preaching and living a life that is rigorous,

—Give you three guesses to call him by
name!

Berton Braley

AFTER THE PRESIDENCY

MISSING

I LAY down my fresh morning paper,
I drop it at once from my hand;
No thrilling account of his caper
Appears there to stir up the land,
There's nothing on roses or rabies,
There's nothing on taxes or teeth,
There's nothing on ballots or babies,
No sword is a-clank in its sheath—
It makes me feel terribly solemn;
No longer he fills the first column.

I used to get up every morning
And read while my breakfast grew cold
A blending of promise and warning,
A mixture of praising and scold;
I used to call out to my neighbor:
"Well, here he is at it again"—
Alas, he has beaten his sabre
Into a contributing pen.
It makes me tremendously solemn
To miss him now in that first column.

He hasn't gone up with the flyers,
He hasn't whizzed out on the train,
He hasn't named four or five liars,
He simply is not raising Cain!
Why, hang it! it doesn't seem proper
A paper like this to peruse!
There's nothing comes out of the hopper
Except the day's run of the news.

I stand here with countenance solemn
And ask why he left the first column.

So sudden it was—in a minute
That column relinquished his name.
One day he was certainly in it,
Next morning it wasn't the same.
It interferes some with my eating;
There's nothing but items to read—
No speaking, or parting, or greeting,
No frazzles, or challenge to heed.
By gracious! I've felt mighty solemn
Since he fell out of the first column!

Jefferson Toombs

THE FIRST PAGER

SCHOLAR and soldier, wit and sage,
Rancher, rover and family man;
Critic of music, art and stage,
Preacher and lawyer and artisan.
Journalist, naturalist, jury, judge,
Anything, everything, large and small;
Safe in your fame, without a grudge,
The greatest First Pager of them all.

Epigrammatist, hewer of wood,
Student of earth and sea and sky;
Flaming Evangel of Rectitude,
Politician and Samurai.
Poet, historian, master of theme,
Prince attuned to the peasant's call;

Bane of bosses, yet Boss supreme—
The greatest First Pager of them all.

How he played on the heart and mind!
Fount of the nation's cheers and tears!
Centuries' lore of myriad kind
Crammed in a life of sixty years.
Foe ferocious and gentle friend,
Martinet, mentor and seneschal;
Strenuous superman till the end—
The greatest First Pager of them all.

Never an equal was ever known;
Never a peer in Glory's hall!
Good luck, Teddy! you shone alone
The greatest First Pager of them all!

Guy Lee

HIS TRAVELS

“BWANA TUMBO”—THE GREAT HUNTER

An elephant, straying from its herd, broke into a bazaar at Masingi, East Africa. It played havoc with the merchandise spread out for sale and created a panic among the natives. “Do not worry,” their ruler told them. “Colonel Roosevelt is on his way to hunt in this section; he will rid Masingi of bad elephants.” Lions had approached Kilindini, the landing-place at Mombasa. The people were in terror. “Be at peace—President Roosevelt will slay them!” the natives were told. Thus Roosevelt’s fame went before him.

BEYOND the sea there’s much contented
grunting,

The wild hyena laughs;
The elephant has trumpeted: “No hunting!
And no more photographs!”

Beyond the sea the tom-toms are a-drum-
ming

Farewell to Theodore;
All Africa with business now is humming,
Dried up the trail of gore.

He will not change for monkeys, lions,
tigers,

The empire of the West,
Sweet Oyster Bay’s cool plunge for torrid
Niger’s,

The man who knows no rest.

Walter Beverly Crane

ENOUGH

"It was bully while it lasted, but it lasted long enough."

Colonel Roosevelt's comment on his African hunt.

DOESN'T seem much chance to doubt it—

What the papers said he said,
Yet there's something strange about it
Coming from our zestful Ted.

Never, never in the past did

Anybody hear such stuff—

"It was bully while it lasted,
But it lasted long enough."

Everything he did was "bully,"

Life was just one perfect song,

Though he wished each job were fully

Twice as hard and twice as long.

Now he says the Afric vast did

Pall upon his fibre tough:

"It was bully while it lasted,
But it lasted long enough."

When upon the hills of Cuba

Or the wild and woolly West

His young heart was singing juba

As he met each manly test,

Never was our hearing blasted

By a dictum half so rough:

"It was bully while it lasted,
But it lasted long enough."

Can it be that ancient vigor

Has departed from that frame,

That he's older from the rigor
Of the chase of tropic game?
That his banner is half-masted
When he speaks this sort of guff—
"It was bully while it lasted,
But it lasted long enough"?

Fervently and long we pray it
May be something quite untrue,
If you said it, please unsay it,
Theodore,—it's not like you;
Surely some reporter crass did
Much misquote you—for a bluff—
"It was bully while it lasted,
But it lasted long enough."

Berton Braley

THE RETURN

THE cyclone-cellar's open wide
And filling with a crowd.
They pour in like an endless tide,
For they have seen a cloud.
Soon they will shut the safety-door,
Nor leave an open crack;
Since most of them were hit before:
T. R. is back.

The malefactors of great wealth
Are gathered in the gloom,
And nature fakers, for their health,
Have sought that darkened room.

A Governor or two is there;
Of Senators no lack.
A dark-blue haze pervades the air;
T. R. is back.

Newspaper men rise with the sun
And work until it's late.
The news that occupied page one
Is printed on page eight:
On all the pages in between
You'll find in white and black
The things he's said; the things he's seen:
T. R. is back.

Now each Rough Rider wears his suit
And oils his Forty-five;
They swarm, from San Antone to Butte,
Like bees about to hive.
The *Outlook* office glows with flowers
And discipline is slack;
For everybody counts the hours:
T. R. is back.

Every committee's wide awake;
The ship's already here.
Each mother of fourteen will take
Her offspring down to cheer.
The Big Stick's cleaned and polished down;
They want to see it whack
Some Ananias on the crown:
T. R. is back.

Walter Trumbull

FROM HAUNTS OF BEASTS

FROM haunts of beasts, and tangled vine,
From unknown jungles and wild dunes,
From strange new rivers on the line
Of Capricorn and tropic suns,
Into a wilderness, indeed,

Where only fools and knaves hold
power,—

Oh, Captain, come and intercede
For us who need you at this hour.

At home our foes are manifold
And traitors do not feel the light.
The sword of justice lies in mould;
There is no victory for the right.
We grope in darkness and dismayed
Afar we hear the roll of thunder;
While at the Capitol—outplayed—
Our Chiefs pile blunder upon blunder.

Abroad our flag dishonored trails,
The sport of every bandit king
And unavenged the widow wails
Her dead that stare mute questioning.
We are beset by countless harm
And stagger on distraught and blind;—
Oh, for the valor of your arm,
The courage of your heart and mind!

Hail, Captain!—lover of us all!—
We watch for you with eager eyes.
From sea to sea your name we call

And not until the last man dies
Can be your deeds and you forgot;
For in our heart there burns a flame,
That even when we shall be not,
Will crown and glorify your name.

Only from those who have we ask
And they are the ones who always give
And spend and are spent in the task
That every man may freely live—
Only from those who have we ask,
Of them we need no sacred vow,
Though dark and terrible the task—
Therefore, Great Captain, lead us now.

Joseph Bernard Rethy

COLONEL ROOSEVELT IN DOMINICA

(February 26, 1916)

A HANDFUL of blacks drawn up on the
quay of Roseau,
Recruits from a dozing sun-drenched island.
We wondered
How they would face harsh steel and vigil
and snow.
Then he spoke, spoke of their glory. As if
he had thundered
The praise of gods, they straightened and
stiffened to men,
With the look: "Now we are ready to die
again and again!"

Richard Butler Glaenzer

THE WORLD WAR

TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(On his sixtieth birthday, Oct. 27, 1918.)

TO-DAY your threescore years have
tollèd,
And millions fain would grasp your
hand,
And pray that you be never old,
You noblest servant in our land.

None lives that matches your good deeds;
May all your years the tale fulfil;
No eye so plainly sees our needs—
Our captain once, our pilot still.

On fields of France your blood has flowed,
In France fights all you hold most dear;
'Tis well you were denied that road—
You serve us better, fighting here.

Fight on! Reiterate each day
The truths that none but you dare tell.
Guide us along the only way
That does not lead us toward hell.

Amid the jarring and the lurch
Of words, quacks, incantations, cures,
Whose shoulder is the eagle's perch?
Soldier of Liberty, 'tis yours.

Owen Wister

THE CALL OF THE HOUR

(Written on the occasion of Colonel Roosevelt's offer to lead a battalion to France.)

OPEN the gates to Roosevelt; make way
for his marching throng!
From East and West they are coming,
thousands on thousands strong.
This is no time to look askance, to palter
or deny;
Give heed, for we are the People, and we
are asking—*why?*

Open the gates to Roosevelt; each hour is
precious now;
We are bound to the strife for freedom by
an old unchanging vow.
The strong await your ruling; will you
frown and pass them by?
While the deep call rings about us, and the
world is asking why?

Open the gates to Roosevelt; we'll fight
with France again!
She calls through the battle's thunder, "For
God's sake give us men!"
A gift is ours for the giving that none may
dare deny.
Take heed, for we are the People, and we
shall ask you why!

We know the men and the leaders,—they
come with hearts aflame;
The swift and brave to-day must save a
world from death or shame;
Then open the gates to Roosevelt; haste,
lest the great Cause die!
And the voice of a mighty People in wrath
shall ask you why!

Marion Couthouy Smith

‘ROOSEVELT TO FRANCE’

SEND Roosevelt
Ower tae France;
Send tae the trenches
Thot square-jawed,
Clear-brained,
Fechtín’ mon,
And send him
Quickly;
Whit though he isna
Schule-bred soldier,
Whit enough
He isna fitted
Fir graun’ tactics
Or the movin’
O’ great armies;
He’s a fechtín’ mon.
Ilka drop
O’ the red blude
Thot floods
His hamely body

Is fechtin' blude;
Ilka inch o' him
Is fechtin' inch,
Ilka ounce
O' the lad
Is fechtin' ounce.
Sore-pressed France
Hes telt us
Thot she needs him,
And he's askit us
Tae send him ower
Fir tae help,
And whit fir reason
Can we gie
Fir a refusal?
Folk tell me
Thot Teddy
Wull ne'er make
A great general;
Thot a' he'd take
Tae France
Wad be a name,
And a' thot I
Can answer them
Is this—
Thenk the gude Lord
It's a clean name,
It's sic a name
As I wad follow,
If I wes a soldier-lad,
Intae the gates
O' hell;

It's the name
O' the one American
Whae dared
Tae tell us,
In the lang months
Since this great
World-wide war
Hes sterted,
The unshrinkin' truth;
The one American
Whae dared
Tae shake his fist
Unner the noses
O' a supine people,
Lulled tae sleep
Wi' pretty words,
And tell us
Tae prepare.
Since thot first day
When mornin' stars
Taegether sang,
Millions o' lads
Hae died
On battle-field
Wi' smilin' faces—
Fir a name;
Millions o' mithers
Hae kissed
Their first-born
And said gude-by
Tae them,
And sent them

Oot tae battle—
 Fir a name;
 Racks and thumbscrews,
 Torture and death—
 A' these
 Hae been endured—
 Fir a name,
 And O frien's!
 Leave us send
 Ower tae France
 The biggest name
 America hes ken't
 In lang, lang years;
 Listen, folk,
 Joffre and Roosevelt,
 "And they sall be
 An host."

Yir frien'

Scotty

EDITOR'S NOTE: After Colonel Roosevelt had read these verses, he sent to Sam (Scotty) Mortland, their author, who conducts a column in the Fresno (California) *Republican*, in Scotch dialect under the heading "Twa Mouthfu's o' Naethin'," the following characteristic letter:

Frien' Scotty: Sagamore Hill, Feb. 1, 1918

I have now read "Twa Mouthfu's" through. If I should die tomorrow I would be more than content to have as my epitaph, and my only epitaph, "Roosevelt to France"—to have it as the only thing which should keep alive my memory to my children and grandchildren.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

MAN OF STRAIGHT WORD

MAN of straight word and valiant deed,
Our guide and leader many a year;
In this dark hour of doubt and fear,
Be with thy people in their need.

These pigmies cannot wield thy sword;
Fair words, false deeds, ignoble men,
Perplex us. Bring strong life again
O thou bright Champion of the Lord.

Margaret Boyce Bonnell

FIGHTING STOCK

QUENTIN, the Eagle, nobly dead!
Theodore wounded but plunging ahead;
Archie, torn in the shrapnel's rain,
Pleading to lead his lads again.
Kermit, leaping from honors won
To wrench new victories from the Hun!
Here is no shielded, princeling clan,
But front-line champions of man.
Come, have we called the roll entire?
Nay, add to it that sturdy sire
Who guides in spirit his Bayard breed
To starry goal and shining deed.

Fighting stock! Fighting stock!
And millions more of the same brave strain
Ploughing through Picardy and Lorraine.
What tyrant can withstand their shock?
Fighting stock! Fighting stock!

Daniel Henderson

ELEGIAC VERSE

GREAT-HEART*

(Theodore Roosevelt in 1919)

“The Interpreter then called for a man-servant of his,
one Great-Heart.” *Bunyan’s “Pilgrim’s Progress”*

CONCERNING brave Captains
Our age hath made known
For all men to honor,
One standeth alone,
Of whom, o’er both oceans
Both Peoples may say:
“Our realm is diminished
With Great-Heart away.”

In purpose unsparing,
In action no less,
The labors he praised
He would seek and profess
Through travail and battle,
And hazard and pain. . . .
And our world is none the braver
Since Great-Heart was ta’en!

Plain speech with plain folk,
And plain words for false things,
Plain faith in plain dealing
’Twixt neighbors or kings

* Copyright, 1919, by Rudyard Kipling.

He used and he followed,
However it sped. . . .
Oh, our world is none more honest
Now Great-Heart is dead!

The heat of his spirit
Struck warm through all lands;
For he loved such as showed
'Emselves men of their hands;
In love, as in hate,
Paying home to the last. . . .
But our world is none the kinder
Now Great-Heart hath passed!

Hard-schooled by long power,
Yet most humble of mind
Where aught that he was
Might advantage mankind.
Leal servant, loved master,
Rare comrade, sure guide. . . .
Oh, our world is none the safer
Now Great-Heart hath died!

Let those who would handle
Make sure they can wield
His far-reaching sword
And his close-guarding shield;
For those who must journey
Henceforward alone
Have need of stout convoy
Now Great-Heart is gone.
Rudyard Kipling

WITH THE TIDE

SOMEWHERE I read, in an old book
whose name

Is gone from me, I read that when the days
Of a man are counted, and his business done
There comes up the shore at evening, with
the tide,

To the place where he sits, a boat—
And in the boat, from the place where he
sits, he sees,

Dim in the dusk, dim and yet so familiar,
The faces of his friends long dead; and knows
They come for him, brought in upon the tide,
To take him where men go at set of day.
Then rising, with his hands in theirs, he goes
Between them his last steps, that are the
first

Of the new life—and with the ebb they pass,
Their shaken sail grown small upon the
moon.

Often I thought of this, and pictured me
How many a man who lives with throngs
about him,

Yet straining through the twilight for that
boat

Shall scarce make out one figure in the stern,
And that so faint its features shall perplex
him

With doubtful memories—and his heart
hang back.

But others, rising as they see the sail
Increase upon the sunset, hasten down,
Hands out and eyes elated; for they see
Head over head, crowding from bow to stern,
Repeopling their long loneliness with smiles,
The faces of their friends; and such go forth
Content upon the ebb tide, with safe hearts.

But never
To worker summoned when his day was done
Did mounting tide bring in such freight of
 friends
As stole to you up the white wintry shingle
That night while they that watched you
 thought you slept.
Softly they came, and beached the boat,
 and gathered
In the still cove under the icy stars,
Your last-born, and the dear loves of your
 heart,
And all men that have loved right more
 than ease,
And honor above honors; all who gave
Free-handed of their best for other men,
And thought their giving taking: they who
 knew
Man's natural state is effort, up and up—
All these were there, so great a company
Perchance you marvelled, wondering what
 great ship
Had brought that throng unnumbered to
 the cove

Where the boys used to beach their light
canoe

After old happy picnics—

But these, your friends and children, to
whose hands

Committed, in the silent night you rose

And took your last faint steps—

These led you down, O great American,

Down to the winter night and the white
beach,

And there you saw that the huge hull that
waited

Was not as are the boats of the other dead,

Frail craft for a brief passage; no, for this

Was first of a long line of towering trans-
ports,

Storm-worn and ocean-weary every one,

The ships you launched, the ships you
manned, the ships

That now, returning from their sacred quest

With the thrice-sacred burden of their dead,

Lay waiting there to take you forth with
them,

Out with the ebb tide, on some farther quest.

Edith Wharton

AT SAGAMORE HILL

ALL things proceed as though the stage
were set

For acts arranged. I have not learned the
part,

The day enacts itself. I take the tube,
Find daylight at Jamaica, know the place
Through some rehearsal, all the country
know

Which glides along the window, is not seen
For definite memory. At Oyster Bay
A taxi stands in readiness; in a trice
We circle strips of water, slopes of hills,
Climb where a granite wall supports a hill,
A mass of blossoms, ripening berries, too,
And enter at a gate, go up a drive,
Shadowed by larches, cedars, silver willows.
This taxi just ahead is in the play,
Is here in life as I had seen it in
The crystal of prevision, reaches first
The porte-cochère. This moment from the
door

Comes Roosevelt, and greets the man who
leaves

The taxi just ahead, then waits for me,
Puts a strong hand that softens into mine,
And says, O, this is bully!

We go in.

He leaves my antecessor in a room
Somewhere along the hall, and comes to me
Who wait him in the roomy library.
How are those lovely daughters? Oh, by
George!

I thought I might forget their names, I
know—

It's Madeline and Marcia. Yes, you know

Corinne adores the picture which you sent
Of Madeline—your boy, too? In the war!
That's bully—tea is coming—we must talk,
I have five hundred things to ask you—set
The tea things on this table, Anna—now,
Do you take sugar, lemon? O, you smoke!
I'll give you a cigar.

The talk begins.

He's dressed in canvas khaki, flannel shirt,
Laced boots for farming, chopping trees,
perhaps;

A stocky frame, curtains of skin on cheeks
Drained slightly of their fat; gash in the
neck

Where pus was emptied lately; one eye dim,
And growing dimmer; almost blind in that.
And when he walks he rolls a little like
A man whose youth is fading, like a cart
That rolls when springs are old. He is a
moose,

Scarred, battered from the hunters, thickets,
stones;

Some finest tips of antlers broken off,
And eyes where images of ancient things
Flit back and forth across them, keeping
still

A certain slumberous indifference
Or wisdom, it may be.

But then the talk!

Bronze dolphins in a fountain cannot spout

More streams at once. Of course the war,
the emperor,
America in the war, his sons in France,
The dangers, separation, let them go!
The fate has been appointed—to our task,
Live full our lives with duty, go to sleep!
For I say, he exclaims, the man who fears
To die should not be born, nor left to live.
It's Celtic poetry, free verse. He says:
You nobly celebrate in your Spoon River
The pioneers, the soldiers of the past,
Why do you flout our Philippine adventure?
No difference, Colonel, in the stock; the
difference
Lies in the causes. Well, another stream:
Mark Hanna, Quay and others. What I
hate,
He says to me, is the Pharisee—I can stand
All other men. And you will find the men
So much maligned had gentle qualities,
And noble dreams. Poor Quay, he loved
the Indians,
Sent for me when he lay there dying, said,
Look after such a tribe when I am dead.
I want to crawl upon a sunny rock
And die there like a wolf. Did he say that,
Colonel, to you? Yes! and you know, a
man
Who says a thing like that has in his soul
An orb of light to flash that meaning forth
Of heroism, nature.

Time goes on,
The play is staged, must end; my taxi comes
In half an hour or so. Before it comes,
Let's walk about the farm and see my corn.
A fellow on the porch is warming heels
As we go by. I'll see him when you go,
The Colonel says.

The rail fence by the corn
Is good to lean on as we stand and talk
Of farming, cattle, country life. We turn,
Sit for some moments in a garden-house
On which a rose-vine clambers all in bloom,
And from this hilly place look at the strips
Of water from the bay a mile beyond,
Below some several terraces of hills
Where firs and pines are growing. This
resembles
A scene in Milton that I've read. He
knows,
Catches the reminiscence, quotes the lines
—and then
Something of country silence, look of grass
Where the wind stirs it, mystical little
breaths
Coming between the roses; something, too,
In Vulcan's figure; he is Vulcan, too,
Deprived his shop, great bellows, hammer,
anvil,
Sitting so quietly beside me, hands
Spread over knees; something of these
evokes

A pathos, and immediately in key
With all of this he says: I have achieved
By labor, concentration, not at all
By gifts or genius, being commonplace
In all my faculties.

Not all, I say.
One faculty is not, your over-mind,
Eyed front and back to see all faculties,
Govern and watch them. If we let you
state
Your case against you, timid born, you
say,
Becoming brave, asthmatic, growing strong:
No marksman, yet becoming skilled with
guns;
No gift of speech, yet winning golden speech;
No gift of writing, writing books, no less
Of our America to thrill and live—
If, as I say, we let you state your case
Against you as you do, there yet remains
This over-mind, and that is what—a gift
Of genius or of what? By George, he says,
What are you, a theosophist? I don't
know.
I know some men achieve a single thing,
Like courage, charity, in this incarnation;
You have achieved some twenty things. I
think
That this is going some for a man whose
gifts
Are commonplace and nothing else.

We rise
And saunter toward the house—and there's
the man
Still warming heels; my taxi, too, has come.
We are to meet next Wednesday in New
York
And finish up some subjects—he has
thoughts
How I can help America, if I drop
This line or that a little, all in all.

* * * * *

But something happens; I have met a loss;
Would see no one, and write him I am off.
And on that Wednesday flashes from the
war
Say Quentin has been killed; we had not met
If I had stayed to meet him.

So, good-by
Upon the lawn at Sagamore was good-by,
Master of Properties, you stage scene
And let us speak and pass into the wings!
One thing was fitting—dying in your sleep—
A touch of Nature, Colonel, you who loved
And were beloved of Nature, felt her hand
Upon your brow at last to give to you
A bit of sleep, and after sleep perhaps
Rest and rejuvenation; you will wake
To newer labors, fresher victories
Over those faculties not disciplined
As you desired them in these sixty years.

Edgar Lee Masters

SMALL MEN AT GRAPPLE WITH
A MIGHTY HOUR

SMALL men at grapple with a mighty
hour,

I watch their honest straining at their
task,

Or their poor strutting mimicries of power;
And well I know 'tis all in vain to ask
A strength not theirs, or depth from the
shallow soil:

But I bethink me sadly of a man
With giant shoulder for a giant's toil,—
Lost Atlas of our world American.
Would it were his to bend his shaping eye
On our unruly Chaos, call it to heel
And cow it back to Order, and defy,
With scorn of his great anger, the wild
steel

Of fool rebellion, and with hammer blows
Forge us a new republic 'gainst our foes.

Richard Le Gallienne

IN WHICH ROOSEVELT IS COMPARED
TO SAUL

WHERE is David? . . . Oh, God's
people,

Saul has passed, the good and great.
Mourn for Saul, the first-anointed
Head and shoulders o'er the state.

He was found among the prophets,
Judge and monarch merged in one.
But the wars of Saul are ended,
And the works of Saul are done.

Where is David, ruddy shepherd,
God's boy-king for Israel?
Mystic, ardent, dowered with beauty,
Singing where still waters dwell?

Prophets find that destined minstrel
Wandering on the range to-day,
Driving sheep and crooning softly
Psalms that cannot pass away.

"David waits," the prophet answers,
"In a black, notorious den,
In a cave upon the border,
With four hundred outlaw men.

"He is fair and loved of women,
Mighty-hearted, born to sing,
Thieving, weeping, erring, praising,
Radiant, royal rebel-king.

"He will come with harp and psalt'ry,
Quell his troop of convict swine,
Quell his mad-dog roaring rascals,
Witching them with tunes divine.

"They will ram the walls of Zion,
They will win us Salem Hill,

All for David, shepherd David,
Singing like a mountain rill."

Vachel Lindsay

THE SPACIOUS DAYS OF ROOSEVELT

THESE were the spacious days of Roosevelt.

Would that among you chiefs like him arose
To win the wrath of our united foes,
To chain King Mammon in the donjon-keep,
To rouse our godly citizens that sleep
Till as one soul we shout up to the sun
The battle-yell of freedom and the right—
"Lord, let good men unite."

Nay, I would have you lonely and despised.
Statesmen whom only statesmen understand,

Artists whom only artists can command,
Sages whom all but sages scorn, whose fame
Dies down in lies, in synonyms for shame,
With the best populace beneath the sun.
God give us tasks that martyrs can revere,
Still too much hated to be whispered here.

Would we might drink with knowledge high
and kind

The hemlock cup of Socrates the King,
Knowing right well we know not anything,
With full life done, bowing before the law,
Binding young thinkers' hearts with loyal
awe,

And fealty fixed as the ever-enduring sun—
God let us live, seeking the highest light,
God help us die aright.

Nay, I would have you grand and still
forgotten,

Hid like the stars at noon, as he who set
The Egyptian magic of man's alphabet;
Or that far Coptic, first to dream of pain
That dauntless souls cannot by death be
slain—

Conquering for all men then the fearful
grave.

God keep us hid, yet vaster far than death.
God help us to be brave.

Vachel Lindsay

THE A. E. F. TO T. R.

This poem is a paraphrase of a beautiful tribute in
prose, published in *Stars and Stripes*. EDITOR.

GONE is the joy,—gone is the thrill of
returning;

We who had longed to share with you all
our laurels,

To lay them at the feet of our great com-
panion;—

Hushed is rejoicing!

Never again to see the light from your
window

Shining across the land that you loved and
inspired,—

“Put out the light,” you said, and slept;
but not dreaming
The darkness for others.

You, our leader, but more, our greatest
companion—
Near enough for the spur of your voice and
your hand-grip,
Ever ready to share, but sharing, still lead-
ing
Upward and onward.

Listen! This is our pledge, to fare and to
follow,
Follow the trail you blazed, without shadow
of turning,—
We, who have learned of you, shall not be
found wanting
Here or hereafter.

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

TO MY BROTHER

I LOVED you for your loving ways,
The ways that many did not know;
Although my heart would beat and glow
When Nations crowned you with their bays.

I loved you for the tender hand
That held my own so close and warm;
I loved you for your winning charm,
That brought gay sunshine to the land.

I loved you for the heart that knew
The need of every little child;
I loved you when you turned and
smiled,—

It was as though a fresh wind blew.

I loved you for your loving ways,
The look that leaped to meet my eye,
The ever-ready sympathy,
The generous ardor of your praise.

I loved you for the buoyant fun
That made perpetual holiday
For all who ever crossed your way,
The highest or the humblest one.

I loved you for the radiant zest,
The thrill and glamour that you gave
To each glad hour that we could save
And garner from Time's grim behest.

I loved you for your loving ways,—
And just because I loved them so,
And now have lost them—thus I know,
I must go softly all my days.

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

A WOMAN SPEAKS TO THEODORE
ROOSEVELT'S SISTER

I NEVER clasped his hand,
He never knew my name,
And yet at his command,
I followed like a flame.

I pressed amid the crowd
To touch his garment's hem,
As one of old once touched
The Man of Bethlehem.

I was of those who toil,
Whose bread is wet with tears,
A daughter of the soil,
And bent, though not with years.

His words would lift the veil
That blurred my tired eyes,
They seemed to strengthen me
To serve and sacrifice.

And all the values lost,
When life was cold and grim,
Were clear and true again
Interpreted by him.

Our leader and our friend,
He knew what we must bear,
And to the gallant end
He bade us do and dare.

Clad in an armored truth,
And by high purpose shod,
He gave us back our youth,
Our country, and our God!

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

THE MIGHTY OAK

IT hath crashed down—the mighty oak
That was a mark to fisher-folk
And stately vessels far at sea,
The guide for travellers dismayed,
The refuge in whose gracious shade
Were sheltered age and infancy.

O, mariners who sailed by this,
What well-loved landmark shall ye miss!
And we, bewildered wandering folk,
Lifting uncounselled eyes to-day
Cry to each other in dismay,
“It hath crashed down—the mighty oak!”

Theodosia Garrison

THE LION THAT ROOSEVELT SHOT

I WAS a king of beasts, and he, all valor,
Was king of men, and knew not rule
of fear.

Before my tawny threat he showed no
pallor,

No startled sign of sudden danger near.

My body struggled hard, that crowded
minute,

My soul, aloof, read mastery in his face,
But knew the blow he dealt had glory in it,
Nor any sting of rancor or disgrace.

Now in elysian woods at last foregathered,
Comrades, we range together, sire and
sire,
We who on earth were kings, and nobly
fathered,
And regally wore each his earth attire.

How proudly at his heel, in dawn or gloam-
ing,
With him, the lion-hearted, I am roaming!
Isabel Fiske Conant

ON GUARD

PAIN-WEARY, sore oppressed by time's
slow flight,—
Sated with grief for his dear, fallen lad,—
Irked by the folly of a world gone mad,—
He turned to sleep and said, "Put out the
light."
Then, in a moment, passed from earth and
night
To his high place, where deathless heroes
are.
And we, without him?—Nay—behold afar,
Already lit, his beacon-fire burns bright.

Lift—lift on high, with quick, responsive
hands,
His torch of leadership. High let it flame
Pledging our honor to his glorious name.
Beware who holds it! See, his spirit stands

With flashing sword, pointing its destined
way—

A fire by night, a pillared cloud by day.

Anonymous

THE GREAT, WILD, FREE SOUL

THE great, wild, free soul
Has passed.

His was the sturdy heart
Of the untamed pioneer.
To him the roaring cataract
And the sougning woods
Brought sweetest music.
He loved the distant reaches
Of the great wide world,
And was lured
Into strange lands
And trackless solitudes.
An amazing man—
A master painter,
Whose hand gave
To our nation's portraiture
An heroic glow
It cannot lose.

J. A. H.

THOUGH OTHERS SLEPT

THOUGH others slept, he paced the
parapet,

Heeding the signs and signals in the sky,
Each ugly omen marked, lest we forget

Our solemn duty to humanity.
Drugged by no subtle phrase or wily
word,
Of deadly makeshift, studiously shy,
Ripe for the fight when Right and Justice
stirred,
Eager when Freedom called to answer
"Aye."

Ready! The very word was made for him.
Ordained for action though the world
should pause.
Obstinate? Yes, if will and purpose grim,
Seem stubborn in a fight for righteous
cause.
Enter his name upon the muster-roll,
Vitaly charged with Jove's Olympic ire,
Enter his name! For his unharnessed
soul
Leaves with his sons the sabre of their sire,
Tempered in zeal and patriotic fire.

W. B. Gilbert

"WE CANNOT THINK OF HIM AS
OF THE DEAD"

WE cannot think of him as of the dead,
The ancient dead, whose ghostly
caravan
Treads the dim ages since the world
began.
We cannot see that high-erected head

Lie in the dust whence all the dream has
fled:

Grim, haughty Death has neither power
nor plan

To rule the spirit of the valiant man
Who unto Immortality is wed.

Life is the pulsing, radiant victor here,
For he and Life together held the day,
Undaunted down Life's tempest-
stricken road.

Wherefore, as falls our unashamed tear
We flame our greetings on his starward
way

To Life's unfading and supreme abode.

John Jerome Rooney

A MAN!

ABOUT his brow the laurel and the bay
Were often wreathed,—on this our
memory dwells,—

Upon whose bier in reverence to-day
We lay these immortelles.

His was a vital, virile, warrior soul;
If force were needed, he exalted force;
Unswerving as the pole-star to the pole,
He held his righteous course.

He smote at Wrong, if he believed it Wrong,
As did the Knight, with stainless accolade;

He stood for Right, unfalteringly strong,
Forever unafraid.

With somewhat of the savant and the sage,
He was, when all is said and sung, a man,
The flower imperishable of this valiant
age,—

A true American!

Clinton Scollard

GREAT IS OUR GRIEF

GREAT is our grief—O mighty soul—
Not deeper is our loss.

So recent was your brave heart called
To bear this selfsame cross.

The world is finer for your life
By your example blest.

May God grant peace to your fine soul—
Leader of men—and rest!

Nina Jones

“WHERE THE TREE FALLETH”

“Where the tree falleth, there shall it be.”

THAT great American and patriot,
Who voiced the ancient words, lies cold
in death.

No regal sepulchre his resting-place,
But bare brown earth beneath the naked
trees;

No martial music beat beside his bier,

But distant booming of the surge, that
broke

The silence of the everlasting hills.

Thus he sleeps amid the things he loved,
And in a quiet grave in far-off France
His gallant son lies buried—splendid boy,
Who flew on eagle wings, untried, untrained,
Yet fearless mounted ever in the blue,
And there found glorious death and death-
less glory.

On wings invisible his spirit soared,
And where his broken body fell, it rests.

“Where the tree falleth, there shall it be.”

The fields of France and Flanders will be
green

With buds of Spring, and myriad birds will
sing

Above the crosses gleaming in the sun.

They sleep so quiet there, our soldier dead!
Shall we disturb their rest? Ah, say not
so!

For we may love them there as well as here,
And Heaven will smile on them as gra-
ciously.

They gave so gladly of their glorious youth,
And now they proudly lie among their peers.
Disturb them not; their splendid work is
done.

Wrapped in the starry flag they loved so
well

They sleep their dreamless, everlasting sleep.
The red of poppies marks each resting-
place,
With white of lilies that they died to save,
And Heaven's own blue smiles from behind
the stars.

Vilda Sawage Owens

THE EAGLE

A GLORIOUS Sun has set. And lo,
from where
The brooding darkness lies, a soul upsprings
Like a strong eagle on his outstretched
wings
And soars away, so swift and keen to share
All that is best in that new life up there
With other splendid souls, to whom he brings,
With the same faith he gave to earthly
things,
Brave messages of love beyond compare.

And one young soldier spirit stands and
waits
To greet and honor him at Heaven's gates.
Nested by eagles in an atmosphere
Of high, pure duty, patriotic, clear!
Father and son; a nation's gift to God.
We can but follow where their feet have
trod.

Caroline Russell Bispham

THE ONGOING

*“LOOSE me from tears, and make me see
aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to
weep—
Homer his sight, David his little lad.”*

He will not come, the gallant flying boy,
Back to his field. Somewhere he wings his
way
Where the Immortals keep; where Homer
now
Has back his sight, David his little lad;
Where all those are we dully call the dead,
Who have gone greatly on some shining
quest,
He takes his way. That which he quested
for,
That larger freedom of a larger birth,
Captains him, flying into fields of dawn.

He has gone on where now the soldier-slain
Arise in light. Somewhere he takes his
place
And leads his comrades in untrodden fields.
For never can these rest until our earth
Has ceased from travail—never can these
take
Their fill of sleep until the Scourge is slain.
And so they keep them sometimes near old
ways

In the accustomed fields—now flying low,
Invisible, they cheer the gallant hosts,
Bidding them be, as they, invincible.

Still he leads on, the gallant flying boy!
Among the “great good Dead” he steers
his boundless course.

Now where the soldier-poets pass in light—
Where Brooke and Seeger and the others
keep—

The singing Slain, the fearless fighting
Dead—

He takes his brilliant way; or where those
lately come

Our flying Great, Mitchel and all his men,
Wait him in large, warm-hearted welcoming.

He will come never back! But we who
watched

Him take the upper air and steer his bound-
less path

Firmly against the foe, we know that here
Death could not penetrate. Life only is
Where all is life, and so, before us, keeps
Always the vision of his faring on
To unpathed fields where his great comrades
wait,

And, joyful, take him for their captaining—
The brave Adventurer,
The gallant flying Boy!

Mary Siegrist

DEATH AND ROOSEVELT

HE turned your lance, O Death,
Full often from its mark;
But he fought only in the day,
Nor dreamed you'd take a coward's way,
And stab him in the dark.

Were you afraid, O Death,—
So brave a front he kept?
Dared you not face him in the light,
But crept upon him in the night,
And slew him as he slept?

Ernest Harold Baynes

OH, FOR A SON OF THY RELENTLESS
POWER

OH, for a son of thy relentless power,
To dissipate the frowning dark of
night,
And lead our groping nation to the light,
Far from the plaguing perils of the hour!
Oh, for thy virile voice, thy noble dower
Of loyalty, thy blood and bone of might,
Thy moving spirit, swerving not from
right,
That knew no foe before whom it would
cower!

Master of men, sublimely strong and pure,
Our love is thy unchiselled monument,

Which shall for ages in our hearts endure—

Yea, till dismay hath all its panic spent,
And some great soul of thy bold signature
Shall give to us a fearless government!

Lilburn Harwood Townsend

GRAY IS THE PALL OF THE SKY

GRAY is the pall of the sky,
Drear are the sea and the hill,
Bitter and shrill is the cry
Of gray gulls from the shore.
White are the blossoms of snow
Strewn in his pathway to still
Footsteps of one who would go
From his loved Sagamore.

Free! He has gone to his own,
Gone to the men that he knew;
(He was not ours alone)
Men who were hopeful and strong,
Men who were simple and true;
Freemen who battled with wrong,
They of San Juan and Luzon,
They from the shades of Argonne,
Gather at call of the drum;
Proudly they pass in review,
Shouting, "Our Leader has come!"

Age had no rust for his blade,
Bright broke the steel in the fray;

Way for more heroes he made—
On the trail he has gone.
White are the blossoms of Spring,
Blue is the arch of the day,
Young are his comrades, who sing
On their march to the dawn.

Roger Sterrett

OUR LOST CAPTAIN

A KINGLY soul is dumb within the
tomb.

Spent is the flame that burned so clear
and free—

The Light upon the headland in the sea—
Our brightest beacon quenched in cloud and
gloom.

While thick around our course new perils
loom,

Who may command, what leader shall
there be

To speak to us with his authority,
And warn us ere we rush upon our doom?

When storms shall brew beyond the misty
deep,

When the gaunt form of Anarchy shall
rise,

What guard will watch us like his sentinel
eyes?

Who, when we dream, will rouse us from
our sleep?

Aimless we drift—no compass, sail or oar,
And our great captain points the way no
more.

William Dudley Foulke

INTO THE SILENCE

THE stalwart hands, with firmness
fraught,
The brain that throbbed with virile thought,
The patriot heart, true to the last,
Have gone into the silence vast;
And yet they leave a path of light
Across the darkness of the night,—
The threefold light of sword and pen
And the strong leadership of men.

William Hamilton Hayne

GUARDIAN OF THY LAND

THE world grows tow'rd its disenthralled
stage;
New stirring currents through its veins
are felt,
And round its aged body, like a belt,
Man weaves his spells with innovating rage.
And as America forereads the age,
And to her sons hath pregnant purpose
dealt,
Thy fearless vision fails her, Roosevelt!
Thy practised hand no more may point
the page.

Type of its force and guardian of thy land,
Student and shaper of its destiny,
From thinker and plain toiler on thy
way
Thou drankest deep of its democracy. . . .
Then in its name and for the world we
lay
On thy cold lips a tremulous, reverent hand!

Herman Montagu Donner

FAREWELL!

“FAREWELL! Farewell, Great Heart!”
The shouting runs
From coast to coast, from sea to polar
sea,
Across far lands of tropic-sinking suns
And isles of mystery!

Alas! The Leader whom we loved is gone!
Who takes the place his going leaves
unfilled?
The face is cold we loved to look upon,—
The mighty voice is stilled!

When others feared, his presence led the
way:
The wrong he smote when cravens stayed
their hands!
So is it that his memory to-day
Light-crowned, immortal, stands!

The blame, the hate, the spite, the sneers
of men

Were things to him unworthy any
thought!

One thing alone directed sword or pen,—
The thing his conscience taught!

His love of native land was deep as life,—
A love no lure of gold could ever swerve:
And when the nations plunged that land in
strife,—

His sword was first to serve!

We loved him living and we mourn him
dead.

The deeds he wrought throughout his
life's high span

Acclaim him, when the last true word is
said,

Our Great American!

C. H. Van Housen

TO A PATRIOT

NOT his the craven's rôle, nor any share
In spiritless delay unleaderlike.

Far-seeing, long he warned us to prepare
Our thews for righteous combat—and to
strike!

Exiled from France by malice partisan,
Upon her shrine he laid with solemn
pride

Four sons, each to the core American.

One fell in godlike battle. Far and wide
The nation mourned, and rendered homage
vast

To father and to son, mirrors of bold
Lincolnian knighthood. Honor, ye who
cast

Ballots of freedom, men of freedom's
mould!

Under such leaders rise and smite the foe,
Within, without, till victory's banners glow.

Harry T. Baker

"PUT OUT THE LIGHT!"

"PUT out the light!" And so in dark
and night

His spirit found the Everlasting Light.

He is dead! Dear Heaven, how much we
need him!

Dead! And there's none that can suc-
ceed him.

Silent that voice that rose in fearless fight
Against Autocracy's engulfing might,
And pale the hand that held a torch of
flame,

That rent the veil that hid the path of
shame.

A Nation weeps, while all the world is sad,
And only Heaven is glad.

Vilda Sauvage Owens

LEADER OF MEN

“**R**OOSEVELT is dead.” Why should
that line

Strike to my heart, as if it told
The death of some close kin of mine,
Father or brother, friend of old?

I never saw him face to face—
But once, some fourteen years ago,
Outside the crowded meeting-place,
When he addressed the overflow;

The fearless eyes, the firm-set chin,
A man who loved the nobler fight—
The short, swift gestures, driving in
The things he knew were just and right;

A newer, deeper reverence
For things that never can grow old;
Judgments so filled with common sense
Fools did not realize their gold;

And things which statesmen scorn to
preach—
The love of children, home, and wife;
Old-fashioned laws, yet those whose breach
May sap the proudest nation's life.

So with his passing now it seems
The old, old order too is dead;
The new, with all its restless dreams,
Revolt and chaos, lowers ahead.

The coming storm in rage assaults
The rocks that bulwarked all our past;
And yet that age, with all its faults,
Held things to which we must hold fast.

The outworn temples we thought good,
False gods, may well be overthrown;
The broad foundations where he stood
We still will cherish as our own.

"Roosevelt is dead." Our leader gone!
To-day there stands his vacant chair,—
Not in that island home alone—
By myriad firesides everywhere.

He loved us! Swift our torches light
With the bright fire his courage gives;
We shall not falter in the fight,—
Roosevelt is dead. His spirit lives.

Robert Gordon Anderson

HE CAME FROM OUT THE VOID

HE came from out the void
Buoyed upon the surging tides.
He braved the West,
Defied the wide frontiers;
He trekked the continents
And enthroned his name
Among the white, the black, the brown, the
yellow men.
He trod the frond,

Fording the darkened streams
That glide through jungles
To the tropic sea.
He spanned the globe,
He swept the skies,
And moved beneath the waters of the deep.
He entered all the portals of the world,
A vibrant, thrilled, exhaustless, restless soul;
Riding at last the very stars—
Asleep.

Robert H. Davis

MR. VALIANT PASSES OVER

(January 6, 1919)

WHEN the Post came, and told him that
at last

The pitcher that so faithfully and long
Had served his fellow creatures in their
thirst

Was broken at the fountain, Valiant said:
“I am going to my Fathers; and although
Not easily I came to where I am,
My pains upon the journey were well spent.
My sword I give to him who shall succeed
My pilgrim steps upon the Royal Road;
My courage and my skill I leave to him
Who can attain them—but my marks and
scars

I carry with me for my King to see
As witness of his battles that I fought.”

As he went down into the river, many

Stood on the bank, and heard him say,
 "O Death,
Where is thy sting?" And as the water
 grew
Deeper— "O grave, where is thy victory?"
So he passed over, and the trumpets all
Sounded for him upon the other side.

*John Bunyan, did you laugh in Paradise
For joy to-day, to see your dream come true?
 Amelia Josephine Burr*

ROOSEVELT

(Lines read at the Harvard Club, New York,
on February 9, 1919)

LIFE seems belittled when a great man
 dies;
The age is cheapened and time's furnishings
Stare like the trappings of an empty stage.
Ring down the curtain! We must pause,
 go home
And let the plot of the world reshape itself
To comprehensive form. Roosevelt dead!
The genial giant walks the earth no more,
Grasping the hands of all men, deluging
Their hearts, like Pan, with bright
 Cyclopean fire
That dizzied them at times, yet made them
 glad.
Where dwells he? Everywhere! In cot-
 tages

And by the forge of labor and the desk
Of science. The torn spelling-book
Is blotted with the name of Roosevelt,
And like a myth he floats upon the winds
Of India and Ceylon. His brotherhood
Includes the fallen kings. Himself a king,
He left a stamp upon his countrymen
Like Charlemagne. Yes, note the life of
kings!

A throne's a day of judgment in itself
And shows the flaw within the emerald,
For every king must seem more than he is,
Ambition holds her prism before his eye,
Burlesques his virtues, rides upon his car
Clouded with false effulgence, till the man
Loses his nature in a second self,
Which is his rôle. Yet Theodore survived—
Resumed his natural splendor as he sank
Like Titan in the ocean.

The great war
Was all a fight for Paris—must she fall
And be a heap of desolation ere
Relief could reach her? Sad America
Dreamed in the distance as a charmed
thing

Till Roosevelt, like Roland, blew his horn.
Alone he did it! By his personal will.
Alone—till others echoed—bellowing
From shore to shore across the continent
Like a sea-monster to the sleeping seals

Of Pribolov. Then, slowly wakening,
The flock prepared for war. 'Twas just in
time!

One blast the less and our preparedness
Had come an hour too late.

Aye, traveller,
Who wanderest by the bridges of the Seine,
Past palaces and churches, marts and streets,
Whose names are syllables in history,
'Twas Roosevelt saved Paris. There she
stands!

Look where you will—the towers of Notre
Dame,
The quays, the columns, the Triumphal
Arch—

To those who know they are his monument.

John Jay Chapman

CLOSE UP THE RANKS!

GENTLY Death came to him and bent
to him asleep;

His spirit passed, and, lo, his lovers weep,
But not for him, for him the unafraid—
In tears, we ask, "Who'll lead the great
crusade?"

"Who'll hearten us to carry on the war
For those ideals our fathers battled for;
To give our hearts to one dear flag alone,
The flag beloved whose splendid soul has
flown?"

With his last breath he gave a clarion cry:
"They only serve who do not fear to die;
He only lives who's worthy of our dead!
Beware the peril of the seed that's spread

"By them who'll reap a harvest of despair,
By them whose dreams unstable are as air;
By them who see the rainbow in the sky,
But not the storm that threatens by and
by."

Our leader rests, his voice forever still,
But let us vow to do our leader's will!
Close up the ranks! Our Captain is not
dead!

His soul shall live, and by his soul we're led;

Led forward fighting for the real, the true,
Not turned aside by what the dreamers do.
If he could speak he would not have us weep,
But souls awake whose Captain lies asleep.

Edward S. Van Zile

GONE IS ULYSSES

GONE is Ulysses! From his native
shores,
Which knew and loved his tread, his bark
has pushed,
Urging a path through waves and ways
unknown.
Gone is Ulysses! How his eager soul,

Forever questing where high virtue gleamed,
Led us to newer conquests, further peaks
From which our eyes beheld still wider
views!

He gave us vision when our souls were
cold;

Gave us his own most ardent zeal for truth,
For justice, for our nation's name and fame!
Gone is Ulysses! Have we heart to sing
His perfect praise? One fine memorial—
His race's reverent love—attests his worth;
"Most blameless he," and so he needs not
praise.

"Death closes all"? Ah, no: to such an
one

Death brings new life—if here or there, who
knows?

One thing is sure: his purpose holds for us.
That newer world he sought is ours to seek—
A world of justice, kindliness, and truth,
Founded on steadfast honor, swept by airs
Of purest freedom. This, his noble aim,
He leaves to us, a priceless legacy—
A lodestar! Let us follow it, and him!

Marie L. Eglinton

OUR COLONEL

DEEP loving, well knowing
His world and its blindness,
A heart overflowing
With measureless kindness,

Undaunted in labor,
 (And Death was a trifle),
Steel-true as a sabre,
 Direct as a rifle,

All Man in his doing,
 All Boy in his laughter,
He fronted, unruing,
 The Now and Hereafter,

A storm-battling cedar,
 A comrade, a brother—
Oh, such was our Leader,
 Beloved as no other!

When weaker souls faltered
 His courage remade us
Whose tongue never paltered,
 Who never betrayed us.

His hand on your shoulder
 All honors exceeding,
What breast but was bolder
 Because he was leading!

And still in our trouble,
 In peace or in war-time,
His word shall redouble
 Our strength as aforetime.

When wrongs cry for righting,
 No odds shall appall us;

To clean, honest fighting
Again he will call us,

And, cowboys or dough-boys,
We'll follow his drum, boys,
Who never said "Go, boys!"
But always said "Come, boys!"

Arthur Guiterman

ROOSEVELT, THE LEADER

*"I WAS ever a fighter, so—one fight more
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes,
and forebore
And bade me creep past;
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my
peers
The heroes of old."*

From her red veins the Mother fashioned
him

In gay mood of her richest burgeoning;
No stinting made she of her treasure-house,
But moulded him to quick warm sympathies,
To valiant purposes, broad-shouldered
deeds.

Into his heart she poured her flaming East,
Wine of her West, her North, her tremulous
South;
Matched in him glory of a Continent,

Made him of clay and star-dust—gave him
feet
And wings. Like molten flame she poured
her light,
Sent him swift sight to captain our stern
need,
To cleanse with laughter our too heavy air,
To take away the scorn of common things,
To give the cup of water to the dog,
To lead unspeaking children by the hand.

Like writhing spawn, like serpents of the
slime,
He shook the cowardices from our hearts
And startled us to seeing; sternly he taught
The measure of true manhood, unafraid
Largely to love and valiantly to hate—
This flinger-back of creeping littleness,
This scorner of the underbrush of thought.

This was thy son, America—this man
Wrought in a furnace of thy fashioning.
Unsparringly his blade of spirit cut
Into our shams and foul hypocrisies.
This was thy son, formed from the roots of
earth,
And from the lifting tree-tops—this, thy son,
Fashioned of brawny stuff, of elements
Not of perfection, but warm humanness—
No haloed saint but every inch a man,
Mixed with the lightning, thunder, with the
night and dawn—

Of great compassion, of unpitying scorn;
With unblind eyes, seeing new paths to
break,
He followed far, a burning Galahad—
This man of vision with the childlike heart !

Earth is the poorer for his passing—earth
Richer for that he stayed with us awhile;
And some uncharted star-space is come
bright

With pleasure of his presence.
Eagerly he went from us, as he had lived—
Swiftly and passionately as of old;
Impatient to search out new eagle trail,
Glimpsing the far horizons, how should he
Go else than swiftly into reddening dawn?

Here on the common way was all the stuff
Whereof he built his heaven; somewhere
must be

Lightness and cheer and sight of homely
things—

Of pipe and dog and children at their
play. . . .

Surely his kindred greet him in the halls
Of the high-hearted at some festive board
Deep in Valhalla, while a shout rings out,
A pledge of fellowship—song by the fire—
“Skoal! skoal! skoal! Our Leader has
arrived!

Our Champion strong, our fearless fighting
Man !”

In fine and simple manliness he grasps
Hands with heroic hands, he who had need—
“Need of the sky and business with the
grass”—

And fine brave business with his fellow men.
And with quick hands they welcome him—
the hosts

Of those gone forth in battle for the Right—
In some new France to lead his Volunteers,
In some new sky to find his Flying Boy!

Mary Siegrist

TO FRASER'S DEATH-MASK OF
ROOSEVELT

CAN this be your face, this whose calm
repose

Portrays no presence but cold, dreamless
sleep

Where frown or laughter never more will
creep,

Wrinkling, about the eyes Death sighed to
close?

Ah, Roosevelt, when your shining spirit rose
It carried with it to the unknown deep
Something the outworn visage could not
keep,

But each man's heart who loves you keeps
and knows.

Something of blended energy and mirth,
Of will to work, and lust to laugh and love,

Something that scorned false pride and
knew not fear.
This is not you, this bit of smooth, still
earth,
For you walked straightway to the Throne
above
And asked God cheerily, "What's to do up
here?"

L. Upton Wilkinson

THE STAR

(Theodore Roosevelt: Epiphany, 1919)

GREAT soul, to all brave souls akin,
High bearer of the torch of truth;
Have you not gone to marshal in
Those eager hosts of youth?

Flung outward by the battle's tide,
They met in regions dim and far;
And you—in whom youth never died—
Shall lead them, as a star!

Marion Couthouy Smith

THE CONSOLER

(The statue of Lincoln at the Court-house,
Newark, N. J.)

I SAW the great bronze Lincoln, strong,
serene,
Seated above the turmoil of the street,
The restless life-tides rolling to his feet—
A shrine of rest in all that shifting scene.

I longed to run to him—as children do
In wistful play, with reverence unex-
pressed—
Climb to his knees, and lean upon his
breast,
To seek him in my grief, and find him true;

To cry to him, “Roosevelt is dead—is dead!
Oh, have you known? Our mighty
leader sleeps!”
And then to hear, within my own heart’s
deeps,
His voice, and feel his touch upon my head—

Calming the tumult of my spirit’s woe—
Speaking on God’s behalf: “Peace, peace
to you!

Remember that He said, ‘What now I do
Ye know not, but hereafter ye shall know.’”

Marion Couthouy Smith

“GIGANTIC FIGURE OF A MIGHTY
AGE”

GIGANTIC figure of a mighty age!
How shall I chant the tribute of thy
praise,
As statesman, soldier, scientist, or sage?
Thou wert so great in many different ways.
And yet in all there was a single aim—
To fight for truth with sword and tongue
and pen!

In wilderness, as in the halls of fame,
Thy courage made thee master over men.
Like some great magnet, that from distant
poles
Attracts the particles and holds them fast,
So thou didst draw all men, and fill their
souls
With thy ideals—naught caring for their
past,
Their race or creed. There was one only
test:
To love our country and to serve it best!

Leon Huhner

HE HATED SHAM

(Recited by Julia Arthur at the Inaugural Meeting
of the Memorial Roosevelt Church, St. Nicholas Church,
Fifth Avenue, New York, January 25, 1920)

HE hated sham. His whole life through
For virile truth he led the fight;
When lies and slanders hid the view
He fought through darkness into light.
What though it cost him fleeting power,
What though it shortened life's brief span?
He saw the peril, seized the hour,
And spoke the bitter truth to man.
He conquered death. His work here
through,
He turned the light out, unafraid,
If but he had God's work to do,
And trod the dark path, undismayed.

He is not dead; he's only gone
A bit ahead. Lo! in the van
His sturdy spirit still fights on
And points the way of truth to man!

John W. Low

“HE IS ALL OURS”

(Written by request for the Roosevelt Memorial
Meeting at Concord, N. H., February 9, 1919)

IF I could forge you verses that would ring
Like sledges on the anvil, I would sing;
The song should be a pæan, not a dirge;
It should have all the tumult and the surge
Of endless waters charging up the rocks;
It should be loud with trumpets; reel with
shocks
Of meeting arms. Then he that sings would
twist
His thoughts into a sentence like a fist,
To strike Death in the face, and boldly say,
“You cannot take this man of men away;
He is all ours, and we will keep him here,—
A torch, a sword, a battle-shout, a cheer!”

Our Theodore was fit to be a pal
Of England's best-loved king, her brave,
bluff Hal;
Who ran to every task, as to a sport;
Who leaped, a lion with lions, at Agincourt;
But prayed to God it yet might be his lot
To put a fowl in every peasant's pot.

When God makes men like these, He takes
a mould

Large as the world, and stints not with His
gold.

He says: "I make a man in every part;
I throne the royal head upon the royal
heart."

Wendell Phillips Stafford

CID OF THE WEST

(The author of this poem is ninety-one years of age.
An autograph copy handsomely framed has been presented to the Association for hanging in Roosevelt House. EDITOR.)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Died at daybreak, January 6, 1919)

KNELL nor deep minute-gun gave the
world warning;

Silent as sunrise he sped on his way;

Dark nor delay for him,

Over earth's dusky rim

Into God's Open at breaking of day!

Friend of the humblest man, peer of the
highest,

Knight of the lance that was never in
rest—

O there are tears for him,

O there are cheers for him—

Liberty's Champion, Cid of the West!

Lion-heart Leader, vowed to humanity,
Braving the heights for his brothers below,

Earth will his impress bear
Long as she swims in air—
Ocean wed ocean, the wild river flow!
Fervent American, service was joy to him,
God, Home and Country were shrined in
his breast;
Songs will be sung for him,
Banners outflung for him—
Liberty's Champion, Cid of the West!

Edna Dean Proctor

THE DEATH OF ROOSEVELT

OUT of the West the Wind,
Out of the night the Word,
The giant trees on the hills bent low,
And the souls of men were stirred.

A tremor shook the earth,
A message moved the sea,
And round the world ran the prescient
thrill
Of dread calamity.

The morning flashed the truth,
The earth gave back a cry,
A cry as old as the grief of man,—
“How do the Mighty die?”

“A smitten battleship,
Fearless we see him go,—
But what of the fight on the sunset sea?
What of the conquering foe?”

The West-Wind cried, "He slept!—
And lo, a mystery—
There was no fight as the sun went down,
There was no Enemy."

"The darkened Dreadnought moved
To th' eternal deep,
And drifted out on the moonless tide,
Convoyed by Death and Sleep."

Silent the great West-Wind,
Sorrow on earth and sea,
But there was a song in the soul of man,—
Of victory.

Theresa Virginia Beard

MASTER OF HEARTS OF MEN

MASTER of hearts of men that justice
seek,

Audacious, proud, intolerant; with right
In thought and deed, the oil that fed the
light

Flaming within you; comrade of the meek;
Friend of the crushed; contempt of them
that reek

Of profit by the exercise of might;
Lover of jungle, prairie, mountain height,
Before your bier we stand and cannot speak!

Not always have we heeded when your
hand,

Rough with large usage, through perplex-
ing days

Would guide; not always could we understand

Your brusque invasion of our easy ways;
Yet we shall miss the word of sharp command,

The impassioned speech, enthralling
though it flays.

John Lincoln Blauss

PILOT AND PROPHET

I

ON what divine adventure has he gone?

Beyond what peaks of dawn

Is he now faring? On what errand blest
Has his impulsive heart now turned? No
rest

Could be the portion of his tireless soul.

He seeks some passionate goal

Where he can labor on till Time is not,
And earth is nothing but a thing forgot.

II

Pilot and Prophet! as the years increase
The sorrow of your passing will not cease.

We love to think of you still moving on
From sun to blazing sun,

From planet to far planet, to some height
Of clean perfection in the Infinite,

Where with the wise Immortals you can find

The Peace you fought for with your heart
and mind.

Yet from that bourne where you are jour-
neying

Sometimes we think we hear you whispering,
"I went away, O world so false and true,
I went away—with still so much to do!"

Charles Hanson Towne

HALF-MAST THE FLAG

(Memorial Day, February 9, 1919)

HALF-MAST the flag, and let the bell be
tolled:

A tower of strength he was, whose
presence drew

The people around him, and to-day is rolled

A wave of unaccustomed sorrow through
The land he loved; whatever now be said,
The latest great American is dead.

How quick he slipped from us—this man of
might,

Heroic courage, life-abounding ways!

When God's great angel in the silent night

Brought, though invisible to others' gaze,
Some whispered message, he obedient heard,
Left all, and followed him without a word.

We loved this man who loved not fame nor
wealth,

But service, first; not perfect, nor divine,

But humanlike, and full of moral health,
And prompt to look beyond the outward
sign

Of race, or creed, or party, find the plan
Of God himself, and recognize the man.

How true his vision was! And how his
voice

Seemed as a breeze does on a sultry day!
Long years ago he made life's master-choice,
Like a brave knight of conscience, and
always

Dared wield the club of language clear and
strong

To shield the right and batter down the
wrong.

He stood for honest purposes: unroll

The record of his years, you seek in vain
For life's disfigurements—there lies the
scroll,

No blots upon it, nothing to explain;
But what is worthy and to all men's sight
As open as a landscape to the light.

Farewell, great Soul! Thou surely wilt fare
well

On that mysterious and adventurous way
Which thou hast gone; in those realms also
dwell

Truth, right, and honor, and God's love
bears sway.

To these, as in our bounds of time and place,
Thou art no stranger; they will know thy
face.

There Washington and Lincoln stretch to
thee

The hand of welcome; they are working
still

For some high end as once for liberty;

Thou art at one with them in aim and will,
The peer of them in doing well thy part,
And their companion in the Nation's heart.

So lived this man, and died, and lives
again—

A white dynamic memory in the land.
Oh, what a heritage, my countrymen!

He'll plead forever now, with voice and
hand,
Our righteous causes, and his power will
grow.

Cease tolling, bell, and let the bugles blow!

Samuel Valentine Cole

TOLL THE BELLS

***T**OLL the bells, toll the bells,
Let the world know*

*A whole nation's woe;
Toll the bells, toll the bells,
Solemn and slow.*

The knell it has sounded,
A leader is dead;
His brave voice is silent,
His great spirit fled.
Not now we praise him,
Except by our grief;
The future his virtues
Will carve in relief.
Over his pall
Let our tears fall;
Profound is our sorrow,
Dark looms the morrow.

He spent and was spent
For truth and for right;
He gave of his best,
He fought the good fight.
The fight is not ended,
For traitors still throng,
Though he who defended
His country from wrong—
Who bore every test—
Has passed into rest.

Bring garlands of flowers
To cover his bier;
Let not a coward
Dare to come near.
The man of the age
Has gone from our ken;
The world will ne'er see
His equal again.

*Toll the bells, toll the bells,
Solemn and slow;
Let the world know
Our love and our woe.
Toll the bells, toll the bells,
Solemn and slow.*

Grace D. Vanamee

ROOSEVELT DEAD

ROOSEVELT dead! Suddenly there
comes a void;
A part of life itself is torn away.
Gone are the endless, sudden hours he joyed,
Gone is the vigor that has marked his way.
Back through the varied years the memory
goes,
And through them moves his strenuous
figure still,
Tense with the life that never shrank at
blows,
Inspiring others with his force of will.
What matters it that sometimes he was
wrong?
Those petty troubles soon die out in space.
Say only this—his spirit great and strong
Stirred up a nation to its worth and place.
E'er challenging, he flashed across our page,
The Cœur-de-Lion of the present age.

Robert A. Donaldson

"A MOURNING CLOUD LIES BLACK
ACROSS THE SUN"

A MOURNING cloud lies black across
the sun,
For all that you have been, that you have
done;
A hundred millions left, and yet not one
To take your place.
We need you, life-blood of the Nation's life,
One who rang true when traitor thoughts
were rife,
One who led straight through all the years
of strife
And lying doubt.
Can you forgive those unforgiving years?
The little men who voiced their little fears,
To veil the cancered cowardice that sears
A Nation's soul?
We should have known you, champion of
the right,
Who stood alone, a challenge to the fight,
To urge us on. . . . And silently, to-night,
We understand.

Anonymous

A BROTHER GONE

HOW can we manage with our Brother
gone?
We smaller folk who looked to him to voice
our voicelessness?

We have not lost him—he has but gone
 ahead a little way
To gain new knowledge and new strength,
 new power to see,
The end from the beginning,
So that when next our earth be ripe for his
 endeavor,
He shall return and lead us on again, a
 little nearer
To the light that shines upon him now so
 clearly,
Making plain to him the path he trod so
 manfully each day of all his days,
We do not call him to come back from that
 free plane where now he moves un-
 trammelled—
Unbeset by littleness, by envy of his power
 to read our hearts
And blazen forth the message that he found
 there,
So that those in highest place among us
 needs must hear and heed,
The will of us—the silent ones—who work
 and think and feel,
And are America!

Gene Baker

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

IN early years your valiant fight began,
 When in the wilds you sought the
 boon of health;
Your spirit then revealed a brimming wealth

Of faith and force, which told the coming
man.

In later days, more confident and strong,
You chose to serve where public storms were
rife;

You strove with zeal to free the nation's life
From lust of office, greed and vested wrong.
When flames of war enveloped half the world,
When truth was throttled by a crazy king,
You seized the lash and whipped us, loitering,
And roused our might, till hell was back-
ward hurled.

You proved a victor till your last life-breath;
You could not stay the subtle warrior,
Death.

Thomas Curtis Clark

DOES HE HUNT WITH THE GREAT ORION?

DOES he hunt with the great Orion over
glad ethereal hills?

Does he soar with the gleaming eagle on
the trail of his eagle son?

Does he seek out Time and the Sibyl in
their nebula domiciles,

Dim outposts of creation? What race is
now to run?

Does he follow the flame of Dante up the
rapturous planet path

Through the shouts of the old crusaders,
—like the cheers 'mid which he trod

When he fought the Faith's good battles,
whirling his sword of wrath,—
To the snow-white Rose of the Blesséd
irradiate with God?

By Aldebaran the ruby and Altair the pearl,
and by
The golden-winged Arcturus in whose
gaze the winters melt,
Would we might in fair Greek fashion set
a new name in the sky
And commemorate a splendor with the
star of Roosevelt!

In the heavens of our Republic shall that
lodestar still shine clear,
Pure glory of the spirit, all mortal shadow
gone,
The burning-hearted Patriot, more potent
and more dear
As forever through the darkness his lustre
leads us on.

Katharine Lee Bates

“WHEN SHALL WE LOOK UPON
HIS LIKE AGAIN?”

“WHEN shall we look upon his like
again?”

The whole world echoes the despairing cry!
No common clay could hold thee, prince of
men!

Thy spirit burst its chains! It could not
die!

Thy soul upborne to worlds beyond our ken
Lives on!

Though for thy fleshly form we sigh,
Thy soul still speaks, as did thy mighty pen
For righteousness! Thou didst exemplify
The truth incarnate, justice, liberty!
Equality, fraternity didst teach!
O flaming torch of immortality,
True beacon light thou art, whose rays shall
reach

The hearts of men, beyond the halls of fame,
And unborn millions shall revere thy name!

May L. Restarick

ELECTION DAY

(1920)

WE miss thy figure in the throng,
O Knight, in silver armor clad.
The white plume gone, that led so long,
Why should we not be sad?

We hail the day that right prevails,
Glad that once more is Reason here.
Yet turn, to lay love's immortelles
On our dead Leader's bier.

Our Leader! Still, O mighty one,
Thy spirit guides us. Though afar,

Think on this little world of ours
Who wast its brightest Star.

Margaret Boyce Bonnell

FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY

(Theodore Roosevelt: *obit* January 6, 1919)

IT was Star-time when he died.

Twelve long nights from that first Christmas-tide,

By the chronicles of Bethlehem town,
Guardian shepherds wandered up and down
In the starlight, watching from the hill,
Watching, wondering why the song was still
That had promised mighty things to them
From that low dark cell in Bethlehem.
Eastward lay the signals of the dawn,
Faintly roseate, heralding the sun;
None could see the rhythmic dip and stride
Of the desert camels, one by one,
Nor that swaying caravan behold,
Heavily rich with perfume, color, and gold,
As it followed—followed—that strange guide
Whose keen flame should light the altar-fire
Of all days, and wake the appealing chime
Of the world's song and the world's desire.

Ages passed: again the Christmas-tide.

—It was star-time, dawn-time, wonder-time,
When he died.

It was morning when he died.
Died, we say?—When that immortal light
Sank behind the horizon's golden bar
Over the gentle hills of Bethlehem town,
Was it death—the hiding of the Star?
When the eternal heaven received its grace,
When, in the infinite-spreading halls of
space
That enkindling flame went down,
Was there a sound of wailing, borne
From tear-filled eyes and souls forlorn?
No: the placid camels swung and swayed
Back through desert-stretches; and each
heart
That had watched the great light dawn and
fade
In its infinite gladness bore a part.

It was Star-time when he died.

Twelve nights from the Christmas-tide,
By the runes of Bethlehem town,
As the hosts that shone and sang
In the night went up and down
Till the halls of morning rang,
And the ages, all along,
Keep the light, and hear the song;
As, beyond the brightening East,
With their rhythmic dip and stride,
Came the caravan to the feast,—
Through all times that ever are,
We shall see and know the Star.

Death can hide not from our view,
Death can take not as his toll
Any part of that free soul
That so long we loved and knew.
Rest, great heart,—so great to love and
give!
It was Star-time when you died;
It is Morning—for you live.

Marion Couthouy Smith

THE MEETING

“They shall mount up with wings, as eagles.” ISAIAH.

UPWARD and onward his brave soul is
flying,
Above the world-tumult of sorrows and
fears,
To the heights that are reached through
the gate we call dying,
Beyond all our praises, our grief and our
tears.

Down from the void comes the deep sound
of singing;
Look outward and upward; who is it
that sings?
Who comes on wide pinions, the love-
message bringing?
Have we not known it—the Voice of the
Wings?

Who comes with the rushing winds down-
ward to meet him,
Over the blue, and beyond the cloud-rift?
Quentin the Eagle is flying to greet him,—
He of the air, he, the strong and the swift.

Cease then your grieving and tears, for the
knowing
That One not alone has passed out
through the night;
For fair is the journey and joyful the going
Where father and son have flown on to
the Light.

Ella Grandom Smith

MY KINSMAN

DEAD!
The one word sped
Into my heart as sinks the lead
Into the bosom of the sea,
Flung by a fisher carelessly.
Then straight between my prism tears
There intervenes
Swift shifting scenes,
A pageantry of finished years.

As through a haze
I see,
Indistinctly,
A mighty city's maze,
And as I gaze,

A boy asthmatic, frail,
Wasted, pale,
Yet driven by a force within
To win.
In him I see
My Kinsman, striving sturdily.

The city's vapors fade and drift,
And through a rift
A cowboy rides in sun-bathed air,
While everywhere
The cattle graze on billowed plain.
Then war with Spain,
"To arms! One weaker needs relief!"
The plainsmen heard,
And at the word
They come and call him Chief.
Deep in the conflict's glare, I see
My Kinsman, fighting valiantly.

Again the scene is rent;
As President
My Kinsman stands,
Wielding power with simple might
For right;
While the great from many lands
Offer homage, make demands,
Yet by neither force nor word
Is he stirred.
Faithful as he feels his trust,
All who seek him find him just,
For he meets them, man to man,

World renowned or artisan,
He, the great American.

My sight grows dim,
For time
And trouble climb
The slope with him.
Pillowed on his evening bed
He turns his head.
"Good night, . . .
Put out the light"—
No need of light for such as he,
Full Kinsman of humanity.

Carlos Day

THE BEACON-LIGHT

IN the gray, dim light where Time is not,
Where star-dust falls and dreams arise;
A fearless soul winged its earthward flight
And clove the space that veils the skies.

When His mighty plan unfolded slow,
And the rage of battle shook the world;
When the seas were strewn with wrecks and
blood,
And the flags of Right were almost furled—
A voice rang out through the night of flame,
That veiled the earth where death-lights
shone,
And called to men to awake, to fight!
To give their lives to protect their own!

From sunlit plains in the golden West,
Where tall grasses creep to the riverside;
From snow-hung pines to the purple gulf,
The nation rose, like a surging tide.

In that far-off realm where star-dust falls,
That fearless soul stands guard, alone;
While his message flames, a beacon-light,
Protect this land that is your own!

Murray Ketcham Kirk

RESURGIT THEODORE

OUR champion, Great-Heart, answered
the stern call

To higher service. Straight the victors'
cheers

Were stilled. While throbbing anguish,
burning tears,

Revealed his sway within the hearts of all.
Even those who cursed him, men who dared
to brave

His fiery anger as he dauntless stood

In truceless battle for the common good
Now pay belated tribute—at his grave.

To you, who long have seen, with vision
clear,

And, seeing, manfully have kept the faith,
Is now vouchsafed a presence, yet more
dear,

Released from the impotent hand of death.

Our leader still, in very truth, is he:
For us; and for the ages yet to be.

Clarence H. Willey

“THE HUNTER, TIRING OF THE
CHASE”

THE hunter, tiring of the chase,
Across the hills and streams,
Has drawn his blanket to his face
And lost himself in dreams.

The soldier, scarred and seamed by war,
Is wearied of the fight,
Nor all the thunders of a Thor
Shall break his rest this night.

The orator, whose voice was heard
Above the crash of day,
Now—how we startle at the word,
The word he does not say.

The statesman—he whose whisper rolled
Through corridors and halls,
Has sought the quiet, cloistered fold
Of ancient earthly walls.

The author drops his heavy quill;
What forceful words are penned?
The whole world leans to read their thrill
And reads but this:

The End.

Edmund Vance Cooke

“WITHIN THE TORRENT’S ONWARD
WHIRL”

WITHIN the torrent’s onward whirl,
there lies

A massive rock of granite, high and bold.
Serene above the water ’round it rolled,
How firm and free its rugged outlines rise!
But though all-crumbling time its strength
defies

A tender growth of moss makes soft the cold,
Rough sides and dainty flowers find timid
hold

On that high part most near the sunny skies.

So shall endure our hero’s endless fame,
In bold relief above the human stream;
So grand that years cannot efface his name
And yet so true, our nation’s love supreme
Clings ’round his life; and youth’s aspiring
aim

Seeks foothold where his stars of glory
gleam.

Mabel Kinney Hall

OF HIM WHO LOVED NOT REST

HOW shall we say “God rest him!”

Of him who loved not rest,
But the pathless plunge in the forest
And the pauseless quest,
And the call of the billowing mountains
Crest beyond crest?

Hope, rather, God will give him
His spirit's need—
Rapture of ceaseless motion
That is rest indeed,
As the cataract sleeps on the cliff-side,
White with speed.

So shall his soul go ranging
Forever, swift and wide,
With a strong man's rejoicing
As he loved to ride;
But all our days are poorer
For the part of him that died.

Helen Gray Cone

WE MISS HIM SO!

WE miss him so! In clash of men and
things
While discord reigns and class and interest
jar
And futile voices clamor, loud and far,
And systems shake with overturn of kings
And loosing of old bonds; while crashing
rings
The storm of alien hands and thoughts,
to mar
And desecrate the Temple wherein are
Our things most holy; while still Cowardice
clings
To Sloth— Oh, for his voice to sound
the call!

Oh, for his arm to lift the standard
clear,
Where loyal men may throng to do
or die!
To lead us forth from farm and flat and
hall
To battle for the Right he held so
dear!
Oh, for his hand to brand the lie a
lie!
William P. F. Ferguson

THE RIDERLESS HORSE

CLOSE ranks and ride on!
Though his saddle be bare,
The bullet is sped,
Now the dead
Cannot care.
Close ranks and ride on!
Let the pitiless stride
Of the host that he led,
Though his saddle be red,
Sweep on like the tide.
Close ranks and ride on!
The banner he bore
For God and the right
Never faltered before.
Quick, up with it, then!
For the right! For the light!
Lest legions of men
Be lost in the night!
Harold T. Pulsifer

NOT DEAD

WE cannot think of him as dead.
The halls of time will always ring
With many a great and noble thing
That echoes in his fearless tread.
As loyally life's race he ran
He was a true epitome
Of Freedom and of Liberty,
Praising alike both God and man.

How kind that Mighty Hand that spared
A racking end. With rest more deep
He gave to His beloved sleep
And left a memory unimpaired.
His name is like a torch on high,
An oriflamme for all to see
Who love his banner of the free.
He is not dead! He cannot die!

Minnie D. Wilbur

'TIS NOT ALONE IN FLANDERS
FIELDS

(T. R.)

'TIS not alone in Flanders Fields
The poppies grow;
To him who spent his life for us
Comes Death's fell blow;
Our greatest Soldier of the Right
Is stricken low.

More dauntless spirit never beat
In any breast;
More valiant sword was never drawn
On any quest.
Now, wept by all who love the land,
He sinks to rest.

We vow that we shall wage his fight
Upon the foe;
We vow that we shall keep his faith,
Because we know
'Tis not alone in Flanders Fields
The poppies grow.
McLandburgh Wilson

WE NEED NO MARBLE SHAFT

WE need no marble shaft to rise
To lift your glory to the skies;
Nor do we need the painter's art,
To show in you that lion heart;
Nor copper plate, in bronze to read
Your excellence in thought and deed;
Nor statue, nor ensculptured cast,
To mark your presence with our past.

You lived your life for such as we,
You paid your price ungrudgingly,
You gave us courage, strength to be
Men, in the world's fight for liberty.

You brought new lustre to the stars
Upon our banner's field of blue;

The white is pure, the red more red,
Because we loved and trusted you.

Hiram Moe Greene

THE STAG

A STAG—upon time's quivering heights
he stood,
And sniffed the burning danger of the years;
Herd-leader of a clean, all-conquering brood,
Whose forebears blazed the trails of pioneers.
The new Demosthenes!—work, play that
cheers,
His creed; the seeds he sowed of brotherhood
Shall grow to trees—an adamant wood—
To stem the tidal-hate of hemispheres.

Pro Patria! his cry—unmoved, unbroken,
He dipped his pen in fire to the end;
His heart was like the oak, and honor's token
He passed as coin to men; he was a friend
Whose golden words shall live while speech
is spoken,—
Bright battle-stars, when darkling years
descend.

J. Corson Miller

AMERICA'S TRIUMVIRATE

THREE masters among men our land
has known:
A Washington, who came when Freedom
spoke;

A Lincoln, like none else, and all our own;
A Roosevelt, the heir to Great-Heart's cloak.

Let dedicated currency and coins
Declare these as our peerage and our pride;
These are the sons of heroism's loins,
Of one who took Columbia for his bride.

Though each was born to lead a tragic day
As heroes must, unto its fabled place
With such a lineage, our nation may
Fear not the future outcome of her race.

Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt,—what fame
Nobler than repetition of each name?

Isabel Fiske Conant

RING DOWN LIFE'S MAMMOTH
CURTAIN

RING down Life's mammoth curtain,
 gold and red,
On the majestic Dead!
Lay laurels on his head,
Whose eyes went bravely smiling to the
 strife.
In peace or war,
For him no secret door.
Heart-clean, and with clean hands,
He fought upon the battle-ground of life.
Sound ye triumphant bugles, blown by
 Youth,

As shibboleths of Truth!
Swing out America's banner to the breeze,
Commemorative of gallant memories,
Entwined with deeds of his of tongue and
 pen,
And the grim hardihood of body's strength,
Which made of him at length,
Who had a master-mind, a man 'mongst
 men.

Let the drums roll!
Let the bells toll!
A Soldier's borne along the ghostly ways:
Silent in death he cannot hear our praise.
The stalwart, storm-tossed oak has fallen
 low.
Defiant to Life's winds, and rain and snow,
Death's lightning-stroke came down at even-
 glow.
Wherefore we pay him homage,—we who
 loved him so.

Let the guns speak on river, coast and bay,
And where the stern-eyed, Yankee dread-
 noughts stray,
Let thunderous salvoes fleet,
Let clanging, clamorous, booming partings
 greet,
Let epic tumults of applauding meet
T. R., beloved,
As he, with hurrying feet,
Adventures out upon Death's lonely way.

Statesman, Patriot, Lover and Liver of Life,
From out the haven of peace, and across
the maelstrom of strife,
We will not say farewell;
Nay, visioning the Mystic Lily, white,
And stirred by dreams of the Sacred
Asphodel,
Perpetually bright,—
We say that even in death, life does not fail.
And so we call to thee,
Undauntedly and ruggedly
Armored in Life's good deeds and Love's
proud shining mail,
We call to thee,
And with a Nation's massed-up, mighty
shout,
We give thee HAIL!

J. Corson Miller

APOTHEOSIS

ONE MAN SPEAKS:

RESILIENT world, Gargantuan, picturesque,
Blown by no breath of dire caducity,
World of gigantic, comic vanity,
Of shapes fantastic, lovable, grotesque!
Would that Cervantes, Shakespeare, Rabelais—
Prolific three—had lived to see the hour
When Nature's self put forth her comic
power,
Quixote's antitype of Oyster Bay!

O gargoyle shape! The smile dentiferous,
The cowboy hat, eyeglasses, and big stick,
The gesture of "The Luck of Roaring
Camp"!

Gay wilt thou live, timeless, vociferous,
Breathing the air of egotism thick
With Falstaff, Tartarin, and Mrs. Gamp.

ANOTHER ANSWERS:

Be still, thou ribald bard! Hast thou no
shame?

When thine eyes rest on one of Plutarch's
kind,

The scion of an elder race, art blind?

Be still and fear a living bush aflame

With puissant will; revere an august name
Which gallant boys in days to come will
find

In many a tale by new Froissarts designed
To prick clean hearts to court a shining fame.

Hark! what strange horns are sounding!
Silence, bard!

Siegfried and Roland from the welkin's dome
Their bugles blow, and bursting mortal
shard—

Earth's ashes to earth's ashes, loam to
loam—

Theodore the Viking journeys to Asgard
To find with the Æsir his empyreal home.

Russell J. Wilbur

THE COURIER

(January 6, 1919)

THERE came a courier in the night
Knocking at the door,
And he who waited spoke but once,
And spoke no more.

He who was ours for many golden years
Was suddenly gone;
And in our souls, because of him,
A glory shone.

Margaret de Kay

WHEN HE DIED

I WOULD not sing his greatness.
Stronger strings,
With clearer tones than has my harp, have
sung
His strength and wisdom; sweeter voices
rung
With praise of his high grasp on mighty
things.
Nor would I voice the battle-smoke that
clings
About his name, which is writ large among
Large names in History. I have no tongue
To sound above the pæan a nation sings.

My loss is personal. I never knew,
Nor sought to know him save as, from afar,
I watched his shining, like a morning star.

But I would sing his rare unselfness. Few,
So highly placed, so keep that sweeter side.
I lost an elder brother when he died.

Ethel Brooks Stillwell

“WHOSE SPIRIT IS SPED”

NAY, we would not choose us a funeral
measure

To tell of his passing, whose spirit is sped,
Who has laid down his life as an overworn
treasure,

To walk the dim way in the halls of the
dead;

But rather the trumpet-note, surging and
singing

As keen as a sword from the scabbard
withdrawn,

Brave bugles, afar and insistently ringing
And calling his name, who is gone—who
is gone.

For we cannot feel him departed forever;

For we cannot feel that the great heart is
still.

Could Fate, in the maddest of impulse, dis-
sever

The thread of his life in this moment of ill,
When men in the daze of their doubts are
a-blunder,

And earth toward a whirlpool of chaos
is drawn?

We seek for a clear light—the darkness to
sunder—

Still calling his name, who is gone—who
is gone.

When smaller minds doubted and mild
voices quavered,

When men at the helm knew not which
way to steer,

His hand, as he pointed the course, never
wavered,

His voice cried the issue, insistent and
clear;

'Mid petty contriving of petulant faction

He held to the straight path and carried
us on;

And men, in the moment of need and of
action,

Call out on his name, who is gone—who
is gone.

What counts it whose brow wears the laurels
of glory?

We look in our own hearts and read them,
and know

That when History's hand shall have written
the story,

The brighter his name in its lustre shall
grow.

The throb of his pulse through the nation
is beating,

And now, in the dusk of our country's
new dawn,
As we look for our leader, our lips are re-
peating
Forever his name, who is gone—who is
gone.

Dean Collins

“I WONDER IF HE KNOWS IT”

I WONDER if he knows it—how the boys
are thinking of him,
The sturdy little youngsters who all idolize
and love him!
The kids that wear Rough-Rider suits or
play with Teddy bears,
Who charge a hill at sleepy-time when they
climb up the stairs—
I wonder if he knows it—why, the sorrow
of their feeling
Is full of all the balm there is and wonderful
with healing.

From olden thrones of Europe, and from
out the jungle's fastness,
From lands of snow and sweeps of sand
across the wide world's vastness,
Come messages of sympathy couched in
the words of state
That tell of horror at the act of frenzy and
of hate—

But, O, if he could know it—what the
youngsters all are saying
When by their little cots to-night they kneel
down at their praying.

I wonder if he knows it—how the children
ask for “Teddy,”
For children’s hearts to show their faith
are ever firm and ready.
From golden California to the rocky coast
of Maine
The hearts of all the youngsters throb to
sympathy’s refrain.
I wonder if he knows it—how the boys are
thinking of him!
Unselfish, loyal little chaps—a world of good
’twould do him! *Wilbur D. Nesbit*

HIS LAST WORDS

“**P**UT out the light!” Although the
stars were dim,
What need of feeble flickering lights to him
In that high-altared hour? The touch of
sleep
Had brought remembrance of his tryst to
keep—
A morning tryst—with God’s gray mes-
senger.
No sound—no cry—no hesitating stir;
His fearless soul long since had knelt and
kissed

A waiting Cross; had borne it through life's
mist
From an unlighted lone Gethsemane
To the Christ-hallowed crest of Calvary.

“Put out the light!” Men smile through
falling tears,
Remembering the courage of his years
That stood, each one, for God, humanity
And covenanted world-wide Liberty!
The Nation mourns. Laurel the chancel-
rail;
Muffle the drums. Columbia's banners
trail
Their grieving folds; but memories of him
flame
And light the deathless glory of his name.

“Put out the light!” He needs it not who
won
A place of permanence within the sun!

Edith Daley

JANUARY 6, 1919

NOW let those slanderers whose tongues
have said
Things false of Roosevelt, living, face him,
dead.

Julian Street

MEMORIALS

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(From a speech delivered at the dedication of Mount Theodore Roosevelt by the Black Hills Pioneers.)

HE was a many-sided man, but four-square to all the world. A wise statesman, naturalist, author, writer of history, scholar, soldier, builder of standards, a man with a clean soul and dauntless spirit; whose watch-word was duty, and whose life was one for right, for country and for God.

Such was Theodore Roosevelt.

Leonard Wood

HIS DAY

(October 27, 1858)

THERE were Earth-men and Wing-men,
But where was the wingèd clod?
There were Dream-men and Thing-men;
But who with a dream was shod?
Give thanks when ye pray, my brothers,
Give thanks for the day, my brothers,
That brought us a master of Dream and
Thing,
A soul compacted of Earth and Wing,
A Man by the grace of God!

There were Love-men and Sword-men,
But none that was flame and rod—
There were Hand-men and Word-men,
And single the way they trod.
Give thanks when ye pray, my brothers,
Give thanks for the day, my brothers,
That brought us a master of Hand and
Word,
A righteous servant of Love and Sword,
A Man by the grace of God.

William Samuel Johnson

IN THE COVE

THERE'S a hill above the harbor
Where ebbs and flows beneath it
there—
A small hill, a grassy hill.

The path is rough and steep:
The pine-trees sing above it
And creeping vines enwreath it there—
The little quiet hilltop
Where the Colonel lies asleep.

The encircling sea-gulls wheel above
When winter gales blow over it;
The song-birds build their nests there,
And rabbits run and play.
The locust-trees drop scented flowers
And moss and myrtle cover it,
And the wind brings whiffs of sea-salt
From the whitecaps on the bay.

Close, close within the heart of home
The soldier lays him down at last;
Deep in the quiet Cove he loved,
The hunter is at rest:
The Heart of all the Nation sleeps
Upon our tiny hill at last
While all the trumpets sound for him
Beyond the shining West.

Mary Fanny Youngs

SAGAMORE

THE birds fly low at Oyster Bay
To drop wreath after wreath;
And back and forth they wing their way—
The pale snow lies beneath.
The birds fly low at Oyster Bay
To drop the laurel-wreath.

Beside the white birch, dark with sighs,
I hear the evergreen.

The birds descend. A shadow lies
The circled trees between.

Beside the white birch, filled with sighs,
I see the evergreen.

And lo, above, and over all
The frost-hung garden-plot—
“Quentin,” I hear a manly call,
“I would disturb you not”—
“My father, know that best of all
I love this garden-plot.”

“What, here for me, my youngest son,
With wings of white and gold?”

“’Tis I—come, hasten. One by one
Love’s mysteries unfold.”

“Quentin for me—my soldier son,
With wings of gleaming gold.”

“The day is clear, the wind is right,”

The boy replies. “Once more
The trees are silvery in the light,—
There’s silver on God’s shore.” . . .

And side by side—the wind is right—

They fly from Sagamore. *Coletta Ryan*

THE SHRINE OF THE LION

WHEN men, as pilgrims journeying,
Have traversed earth’s wide spaces,
With hearts elate and glorying,

In search of holy places—
Where memories dwell of great ones of our
kind,
Heroes of stalwart heart and steadfast mind,
Who saw beyond the shadow of to-day
The glory of to-morrow and its light,
And with the sight
Did greatly dare to cast their lives away:
The Spartan Pass that saw Three Hundred
die,
The Roman ruins red with martyrs' blood,
The meadow by the marsh at Runnymede,
The red-tiled towers of Worms where Luther
stood,
The tree-crowned heights that sheltered
Washington
When Valley Forge was his Gethsemane,
And Lincoln's little house in Springfield
town,—
Measures and marks of Liberty's slow
way—
By this low hill at last they'll stand apart,
Here by the Lion Shrine of him the Lion
Heart.

Hidden amid the great trees that he loved,
And yet by but a little space removed
From halls of state,
From busy council places of the great,
And crowded streets where simple people
moved,
It stands as he stood, ever near to life,

And yet apart,
Taking his full place in its eager strife,
Yet holding in his heart
A joy in God's free spaces, where the trees
Mount to the sky, where every wandering
 breeze
Is full of bird-songs, where the stars are
 seen—
So stands his shrine these two great worlds
 between.

Dark was the morn to which he came;
The struggle ages old to make men free
Had taken new form: new shapes of tyranny,
Barons of trade, lords of the market-place,
Threatened the land with shame,
Threatened its liberty.
But his the hand
That brought anew our freedom to our land,
And his the voice
That bade our hearts, once trembling, to
 rejoice,
Till into those hearts he came to more
 than kingly place.

Born to the purple, how he loved the poor!
The common man held ever in his thought
A large and growing place. He welcomed
 to his door
All who had knowledge of the way he
 sought,
And none so humble that he passed them by

Had they the word that hastened liberty;
And none so great if only they would buy
With coin of willing souls the things that
 make men free.

Heir of a proud tradition, born to place,
He knew no class or caste; his thought was
 of the race.

He was a lion; like a lion fought,
Where all might see, clear in the sun's full
 light.

Others might seek the darkness, but he
 brought

The battle to the day, to open sight,
Till, baffled in the spoiling that they sought,
The little skulking beasts of prey took flight.
He taught bold kings their place;
He fronted them with courage in his eyes;
He showed the race,—

Men of far lands who never knew his voice,—
The littleness of tyranny's old lies,
Until their hearts grew brave to high em-
 prise,

And weary throngs in new hopes found new
 joys.

All, all is in the stone. A royal grace
Inhabits every line. The high command-
 ing head

Looks out in challenge to the brave he led,
Knowing they hold the hope of all the race.
Calling to deeds like his,
Summoning men

To leave behind again
The slow ignoble ways of comfortable ease,
And battle on, regardless of the pain,
Scorning as he the pain,
To win for all, through justice, lasting peace.

So here is his lion symbol; here, serene and
strong,
With head held up to the sun, he waits the
coming years,
Waits the hour that shall come too oft as
the ages throng
When the heart of the race shall know once
more the ancient fears.
Waits the throng that shall come, the
mighty pilgrim throng,
With pilgrim hearts aglow, with pilgrim
minds elate,
Seeking the word from him to cheer in the
battle long,
When tyranny shall take new forms to vex
the state.
They shall come, the eager ones, where
they see his challenging eyes,
With their ancient summons to conscience,
their summons to honor and right.
Dreaming anew his dream, desiring his
lofty prize,
A nation that freedom knows and finds in
freedom its might.
Then deep in their hearts shall gather the
courage that made him king,

While the zeal of his lofty purpose like steel
shall armor their breasts,
And the fire of his great compassion consume
each self-born thing,
Till each heart is itself a shrine where the
Lion's spirit rests.
And forth from the mighty presence will
they go with arms made strong,
To drive the fears again to the pit where
darkness lies,
Till the narrow trail he blazed is a highway
broad and long
To the heights where freemen dwell beneath
God's ampler skies.

W. E. Brooks

ROOSEVELT

THE breakers pound the rocks and the
combers pound the sand.
Thunder echoing thunder, the white horns
charge the land.
And the wind, the gaunt night-herder,
wheels on his pony white
And drives his panicky cattle on through
the fog and the night.

But high on the bleak, black headland the
beacon flares to the sky,
And the flames like banners clap and like
bugles in battle cry.

And the sparks roar to the stars, with a
 roaring louder than fame;
And the hearts that they strike as they fall
 tremble and burst into flame.

Hermann Hagedorn

IN MEMORIAM

(THEODORE ROOSEVELT: 1858-1919)

MEN come and go, as comes and goes
 the sea,

 A surging tide of life in many lands;
And some strong waves are marked by
 destiny

 To leave a lasting impress on the sands;
Such was the force of him now mourned
 as dead,

A thundering billow from the ocean's bed.

Or like a giant tree on topmost hill,

 That in its falling shakes the very earth,
He leaves a gap no other man can fill,

 And barbs our grief with sense of his great
 worth;

His Nation's flagstaff still, the living tree,
With roots firm planted in democracy.

Or as a mighty river, when it roars

 Upon the canyon rocks that lie below,
And of its never-ending volume pours

 A force recaptured in the dynamo,—

He was alike the stream and instrument
Through which the current of his age was
sent.

His was the lofty scorn of turpitude,
Of subtle frauds that forge a people's
yoke;
So deep his loving of the multitude
He spoke the common speech of common
folk;
His was the courage evil to decry,
And plainly brand the liar and the lie.

Direct of speech, still more direct of thought,
He saw with lightning glance the evil
thing,
Nor ever rested till the fight was fought,
And error poisoned with his verbal sting;
His was the power the vicious to erase,
And kill corruption with the perfect phrase.

Splendid his hatred, nobler still his love,
The love of home and country, kith and
kin;
Nothing on earth he valued as above
The praise of his own countrymen to win;
Proud of the land that filled his soul with
vim,
His greatest pride that it was proud of him.

Called from the scenes alike of love and
strife,

He goes at last to his eternal rest,
Loved of the land that valued so his life
It mourns him North and South, and
East and West.
Deep is the Nation's grief, and deep will be
Our gratitude for his blest memory.

George Douglass

WHERE ROOSEVELT SLEEPS

THIS is America! Within this tiny space
Is more of our dear country than the
mind can see.
No splendid hall of fame, no proud imposing
place
Could hold so much of what we are or
hope to be.
This common hallowed ground, that keeps
his precious dust
Contains the bones of men whose fame
has bloomed and blown
Like some unfound wild flowers, who little
dreamed they must
Sleep side by side with him that kings
have proudly known.

Let us go through the gateway, up the road
of sand
Lined on the right with evergreens that
hide the fence—
Graves on the hillside on the left, where,
gaunt and grand,

A single pine uprears its head, grim, sere,
immense.

A path leads to the left—a path not cut
by hand,

But made by many thousand feet—wide-
worn and bare,

Up to the summit of the hill, where locusts
stand,

With gnarled, rough, thin-leaved branches
sprawling through the air.

Here, at the crest, the simple, fenced-in
square of earth

Where Roosevelt lies! . . . America!

. . . The man whose creed

Was writ in two small words, "My Coun-
try!"—who, from birth,

Lived, *was* the spirit of the land he loved
indeed;

Who added honor to the highest we be-
stowed;

We gave, but he outgave us, for he gave
us all;

That mighty, loyal heart, whose passion
overflowed

Into us all, was ours at every beck and
call.

No marble column, crowned with golden
wreaths, uptowers

Upon his grave. A modest gray-stone
tablet bears

His name. On either side, like guards
through endless hours,

Two cedars keep their watch—and what
a watch is theirs!

For in the coming years our country's
greatest men

Shall make their loving pilgrimage to
this rude shrine—

Shall climb this little hill to reach the
heights again

Where Roosevelt lived—and from his
grave his life define.

The little people too shall come—those who
still speak

With tongues that stumble o'er the name
they spell,

But with unerring hearts that bring them
here to seek

Their foster-mother country's soul. This,
too, is well.

It proves his all-embracing greatness, and
that they

Who worship him are from life's poles,
from every end;

Within his giant soul he held all man,—
could say

To each who shared his love of country,
“You—my friend!”

When later years have made the truth of
him more true,

And taught us all to see more clearly his
great worth,
When grudging Time has focussed on his
life anew
An undistorted lens for all the eyes of
earth;
When we can see him in the starred striped
flag that flies,
And hear him in our nation's songs that
we adore,
From this small tomb his spirit shall go
forth—arise
To lead us in the paths of right forever-
more.

Harry Varley

THE MINUTE-GUNS

Written at sea, on the transport *Finland*, January
8, 1919. During that day, half-hourly guns were fired
on all United States ships. EDITOR.

A STEEL-GRAY sky and a slaty sea
And flecks of white on the crests of
waves,
The sough of the wind and the swish and
the hiss
Of the swirling foam; and the beat and the
throb
Of the great machine; and the lazy roll
Of the heavy ship. And the merry chaff
Of the happy boys as they crowd the decks.
The whine of the shell, and the poisoned air,

The gaping wound and the smell of blood,
The dreary ward and its rows of beds,
And the great black cloud of the dreams of
death—

These are the past, and the past is dead.

But amid the hum of the happy throng,
The single gun with the measured pulse
Of its grim, sharp crash speaks a people's
grief,

And a people's love and a nation's pride
In the brave high soul that has gone to rest
From a life that knew but the joy of strife.
The joy of strife for a noble cause,
The joy of work for a better world,
Of heart's blood spent for a high ideal;
The joy of war for the good of man.

And as crash on crash echoes over the deep,
The dull dead ache that benumbs the heart,
The still, warm tear that bedims the eye
Dissolve in the light of the triumph won
By a high resolve and an unbent will,
And the proud sure sense of the great re-
ward,

The victory that with sun-touched wings
Shall know not night nor the sting of death.

W. S. Thayer

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S LETTERS
TO HIS CHILDREN

WHAT happy, kindly memories fill
This book—the best of tributes due
him

Whose great, strong presence warms us still,
The comrade loved by all who knew him!
Whose written words the Man portray
In Fatherhood to Boyhood turning,
His children's chum in sport and play,
In all their friend so well discerning.

For Childhood had its golden wont
Within his home, its laws unbroken;
The irksome admonition, "Don't!",
By him, it seems, was rarely spoken.

The White House knew untrammelled joys
That shamed its customs prim and
starchy,
When cataracts of little boys
Came storming down the stairs with
Archie.

Or Quentin, Friend-of-all-the-World,
Along its hallways roller-skating,
Conveyed his snakes, politely furred,
To doubtful Congressmen-in-waiting.

And there were puppies, little cats,
And lots of other pets and cronies,

Like pink-eyed rabbits, piebald rats,
And lizards, guinea-pigs and ponies;

And feasts and mischief, birthday rites,
Theatricals and Christmas gambols,
With Presidential pillow-fights,
And most exciting tramps and scrambles.
They loved him most that knew him best,
For still, our joys and sorrows sharing,
"The bravest are the tenderest,"
And still "the loving are the daring."

Arthur Guiterman

ODE IN MEMORY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Read at the Memorial Services held in Lyons, France,
February 9, 1919, by the author, then Second Lieutenant,
Infantry, A. E. F.)

A MAN has died. We pause to meet
this hour

Of reverent grieving,
And see the empty road where once he led—
This comrade of our youth, this man of
power,

Upon whose sudden leaving
A something in each one of us seems dead.

He lived the wonder spirit of our land;
He breathed the fevered zeal
Of our own cities with their towering dreams
Of brick and steel;

He breathed the glow of Arizona's sand,
Barren, but glistening where the desert
 teems

With burning life. He heard the crying
 call

Of cattle-ranches far in Idaho,
And in Dakota's summer grazing-plains
He sought the hoof-prints of the buffalo.

 Within his very veins

He felt the message of our soil, and all
Our craving for the forest and the might
Of giant-shouldered Rocky Mountain peaks
Rising to touch the beckoning stars at
 night.

 He breathed from sea to sea

The fragrance of things infinitely free,
And heard the endless miracle that speaks
From every corner of our Motherland.
Thus could he fling with tempered soul
His life upon the world, and press his hand
Up to the high fruition of his goal.
His days in their torrential zeal of living
Were but a flow of ever-candid giving,
Until at last this aging man of fire,
Whom sixty years made young with young
 desire
Has died.

We pause before his shrouded bed
And something in each one of us is dead.

Rudolph Altrocchi

IN MEMORIAM—THEODORE
ROOSEVELT

“LET THERE BE LIGHT”!—God’s
voice was heard—

Through chaos flashed the answering word—
Light streamed on every mountain height,
It gleamed into the valley’s night,
It poured across all nature’s span,
It sprang into the soul of man,

An incandescent vital force,
Forthshowing its eternal source
In ways ineffable and strange
Through all the years of endless change;
In humblest child of Adam’s seed,
Its spark unconquerable was freed.

It flames and burns in prophet, seer,
Who mighty in each age appear,
To teach men how the living God
Is found alike by prince and clod,
To turn them on the righteous way
That leadeth to the perfect day.

With such an one this land was blest,
Whose spirit went on holy quest
To find the ultimate of good
For his dear country’s constant mood,
His soul consumed with quenchless fire
To see it reach “his soul’s desire”—

For this, aye ready with "the price
Of his own body's sacrifice"—
Now he doth calm and silent lie,
His work well done, we glorify—
Through all America is felt,
The blessed spell of Roosevelt.

Annette Kohn

OUR ROOSEVELT

(Read by the author at the Dedicatory Exercises
of the Roosevelt Children's Park Memorial, on Molo-
kai, October 27, 1921.)

I

GRANT us grace that we may greet him,
Give us a word with which to meet him,
Homage to pay, with humblest mind,
That here he find
A homelike place where he may rest,
The eagle wearied from his quest,
The worker, finished with his task.
This boon we ask—
That though unworthily we praise
Even the sun that lights our days,
Ingratitude be not our blight,
Ere it is night.

II

Here on the heart of the heaving sea,
The Lonely Isle is no longer lone,
For here a thought of him shall be
Our very own!

The Lonely Isle—a strip of sand—
Silvery shining in its sleep,
Wave-washed and low, with sudden, grand
Uplifting from the deep,
Remote from swift and whitening sails,
Apart from a world of worry and strife,—
Shepherds shall dream in its happy vales
New psalms of life;
And here the healing of the world
Be manifest to those whom Fate,
Beneath relentless lightnings hurled,
Hath left to wait;
Here, too, the life of childhood be
Joyous, purposeful, strongly felt,
Inspired by thoughts brave, noble, free,
Of Roosevelt.
For here beneath the arching sky,
And circled by the eternal sea,
Staunch hearts are graved on Molokai,
Loved Roosevelt, by thee.
He needs no tribute, marble, brass,
Whose name himself on hearts engraves;
Glad generations, singing, pass
Under Love's architraves.

Mary Dillingham Frear

THE GRAVE OF ROOSEVELT

HE had found joy in these wide-reaching
trees,
This sun-warmed hillside ringed with sea
and sky,

Where now, companioned by the stir of bees,
Bird-wings and rustling grasses, he may lie.
Here changing seasons guard him; Autumn's
faith—

Flaming across the fields—that time will
bring

Summer's fulfilment; that the gray, grim
wraith

Of Winter is the trumpeter of Spring.

Such was his wont when heavy cares
oppressed,

To seek a respite from the strifes of men;
To turn, a child, to the earth-mother's
breast,

Then rise, Antæus-like, to fight again.

O reverent pilgrims toiling up the steep,
Step softly, lest you break his well-earned
sleep.

Snow Longley

SAGAMORE

AT Sagamore the Chief lies low—

Above the hill, in circled row,

The whirring airplanes dip and fly,

A guard of honor from the sky;—

Eagles to guard the Eagle. Woe

Is on the world. The people go

With listless footstep, blind and slow;—

For one is dead—who shall not die—

At Sagamore.

Oh! Land he loved, at last you know
The son who served you well below;
The prophet voice, the visioned eye.
Hold him in ardent memory,
For one is gone—who shall not go—
From Sagamore!

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

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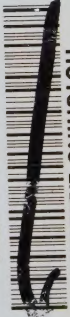
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